THE RETURN OF HENRY JAMES . . . By George Stevens

MAR 8 '45

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"BLACK BOY"
by Richard Wright
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

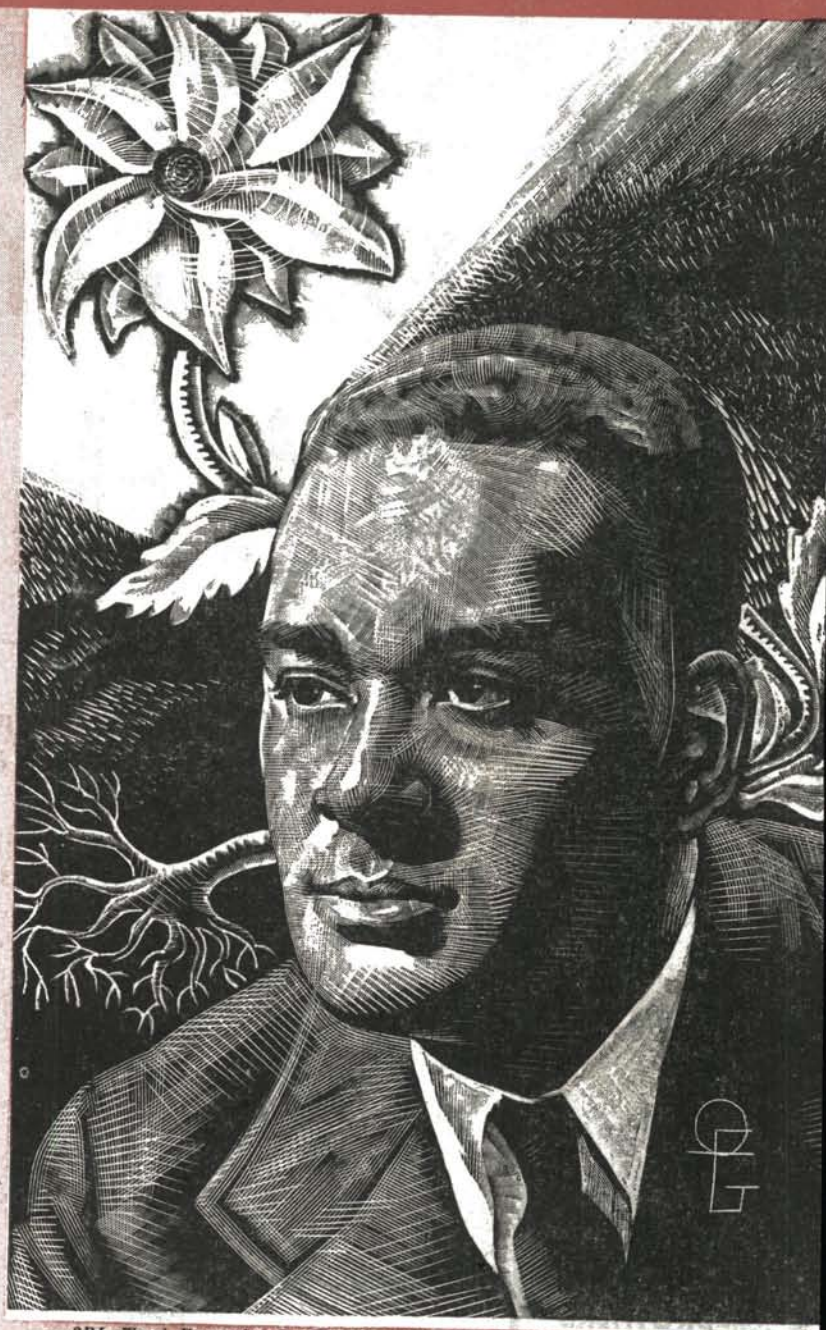
"APARTMENT IN ATHENS"
by Glenway Wescott
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"A RISING WIND"
by Walter White
and
"JIM CROW JOINS UP"
by Ruth Danenhower Wilson
Reviewed by H. A. Overstreet

"CHINA AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF WAR"
Edited by Hollington K. Tong
Reviewed by Richard Watts, Jr.

STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Will Irwin

SEEING THINGS
(A Review of "The Hasty Heart")
by John Mason Brown



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RICHARD WRIGHT'S "Black Boy" is the "scornful history of one man's experience." (See page 9)

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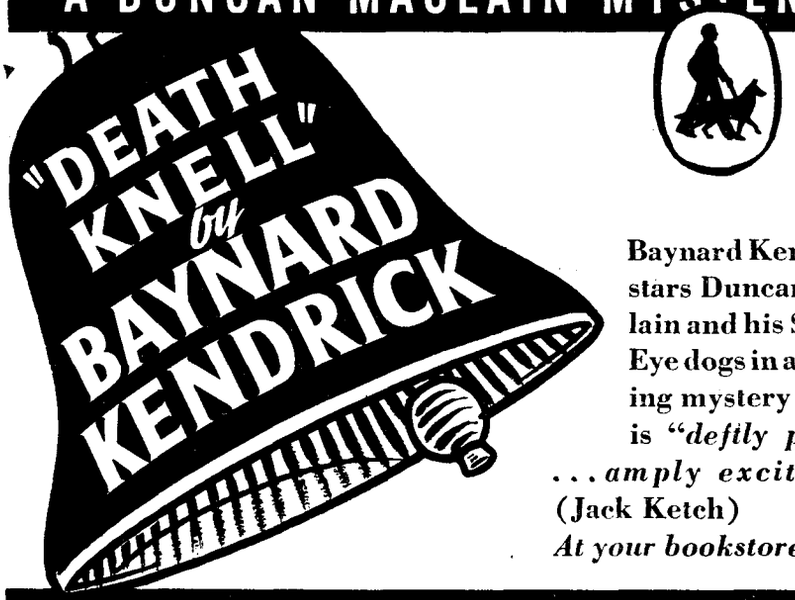

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An Announcement

TO THE READERS OF

THE *Saturday Review* OF LITERATURE

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

ESQUIRE has asked me to undertake a somewhat different coverage of the subject of books. In its pages, beginning with the June issue, I shall undertake not coverage in the form of tardy reviews of the routine run of books without end, but selective criticism, endeavoring to give attention to authors whom I deem to be of special significance or promise. The aim of this department, then, to follow the text that Esquire has set for my sermons, is to consider certain trends, certain dangers, and certain exciting promises in present-day American literature; to discuss this with unguarded frankness; and not to insult you by being otherwise than completely honest, however indiscreet.

Sinclair Lewis

See page 6 of the March issue of Esquire, now on sale, for further details

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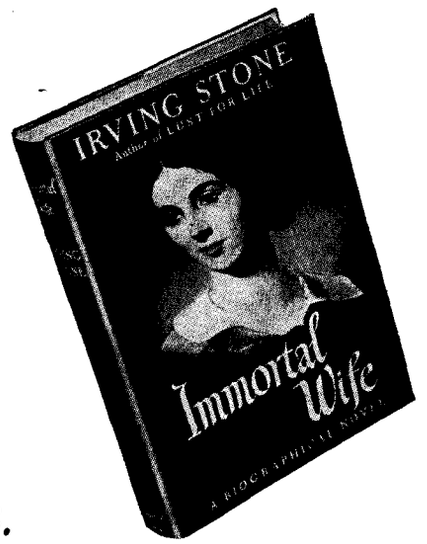
—DAVID APPEL, *Chicago News*



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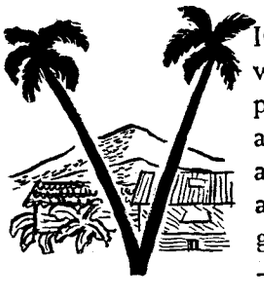
He sat in the sun and dreamed about the fine big city of Manila



VICTORIES half way round the world can be curiously remote, impersonal things. The black swirling arrows of the newspaper maps—the arrows moving west across Leyte and afterward south from the Lingayen Gulf toward the city of Manila—never quite convey the reality of the fighting. And maps, for us, are never countryside. Instead, all during the months of the Philippine fighting we have been thinking about a little brown boy named Mario, who one day not long before Pearl Harbor set out for the fine, big city of Manila.

We like to think about how Mario, if he wants to, can once again saunter off down a winding country lane attracting trouble as naturally as honey attracts flies, in the double happiness of regained liberty. This time, perhaps, he has new marvels to discover beside the old—marching soldiers and tanks, trucks, and guns. Things in Pangasinan Province, though, are not too much changed, we suspect, even after the Japs and the fighting. It takes a lot, fortunately, to change a province like Pangasinan and a remarkable boy like Mario.

Mario's author, Lucy Herndon Crockett, dropped into our office one day last month. It was natural that being her father's daughter (Colonel Crockett had served in the Philippines on Colonel Roosevelt's staff) she should have volunteered for arduous and even dangerous service in the Pacific theatre. She told us that she had just landed after many months with the Red Cross in the Southwest Pacific—on Guadalcanal, among other places. And then she asked us the natural question of an author who has been away from his books for a long time—whether THAT MARIO and CAPITÁN were still in print and still selling? We assured her that they were.

Lucy was pleased. "After five years," she said. "I think that's amazing."

But we don't. This boy Mario, who liked only to sit in the sun and dream about going to the fine big city of Manila, has a high survival value. Things like going out of print don t happen to Mario Mansala and Juan Pon Sok Sok and the Chief of Police of Bangbang, where there is actually a telephone. We tried to explain this simple and pleasant fact to Lucy. But all the same, our conscience began to trouble us a little.

It really *was* five years since we had published THAT MARIO, five years ago in 1940—the last full year of peace for all the little Filipino boys like Mario. We remembered Stephen Benét reading the citation when THAT MARIO won a New York Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival award, and how our own youngsters had devoured the book, over and over. And in five years, among the other things that can and do happen, is the fact that a lot of children grow up and a lot more children come along who maybe haven't heard about Mario Mansala.

So we decided just to tell the parents of those new children that there is still a nine-to-twelve-year-old juvenile called THAT MARIO, by Lucy Herndon Crockett—wonderful, humorous, special story-telling and pictures that are like no one else's—and that maybe they might like to know about it, because Mario is one of the people that it is really worth while to know about. And if they like that, they'll probably also like the story about Capitán, the Army mule who fought in so many wars and countries; we still think it's one of the best Army books ever written. We are very happy that we still have copies of them, and very, very happy that Mario Mansala is free again . . .

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Return of Henry James

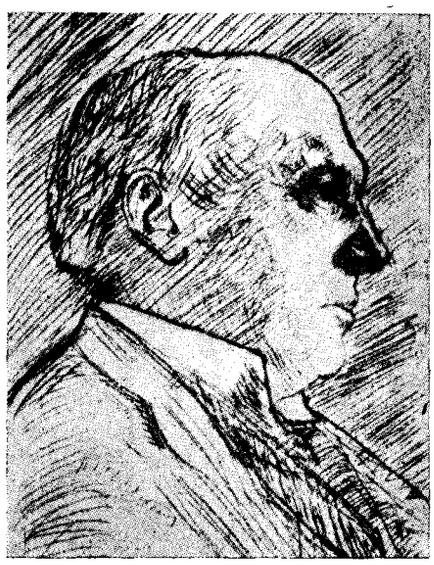
Exploring the Relationship Between James and His Audience

GEORGE STEVENS

IS there a Henry James revival? Many writers seem to think so, including most of those who have discussed elsewhere the three books * in which the revival is supposedly signalized. Undoubtedly there is an uncommon amount of discussion going on, but such is James's fascination for Jamesians that there are always some people ready to drop everything else if the opportunity arises to talk about James. Considerable discussion centered in the special Henry James number of *The Hound and Horn* a decade ago, and more recently in the special Henry James number of *The Kenyon Review* of Fall, 1943, published in James's centenary year.

A revival, however, implies a resurgence of public interest, and I wonder if there is evidence to support the implication. The centenary in 1943 of James's birth would have been enough to inspire the publication of a few anthologies; and if the recent James anthologies are being read, it is no more than what is surprisingly happening to practically all other books, old and new, for which their publishers can allocate paper. True, the publishers of the longer anthology—a book of some 800 pages—have advertised it as offering "one hundred hours of reading enjoyment," which may have indicated that they thought the time had come for James to be taken up by the lowbrows. But while I do not doubt that more people are reading James than heretofore, I wonder if the spread is wider proportionally than the spread of reading in general.

The question is worth raising because the relation of James to his audience is unusual; it tends to become highly personal, at least on the reader's side. Although the relationship is individual for every reader, the admirers of James somehow become quasi-guardians of his reputation, creating some of the conditions of a cult, which naturally discourages the general public. This situation is reinforced by James's own feelings about popular writing, conspicuous in the "Stories of Writers and Artists"; repeatedly, as in "The Death of the Lion," "The Author of 'Beltraffio'," "The Lesson of the Master," and many others, James encourages the idea that great literature is for the elite. To put it this way is a flagrant oversimplification; I do so only to indicate how easy it is for a superficial reader to identify James with an unpopular point of view, and to show how difficulties are put in the way of those Jamesians who want to proselytize non-Jamesians.



Henry James

Centenaries, in any event, are not necessarily signs of revival; they are merely conventions arising from the decimal system. Whether Mr. Matthiessen's access to Henry James's notebooks at the time of the centenary is a coincidence makes no difference; his book could not have been written without the notebooks but it would have been written without the centenary or the revival, and would have been eagerly read by admirers of James—and by admirers of literary criticism at its best—regardless of its publication date. Jamesians would have always agreed with him that the period of "The Ambassadors," "The Wings of the Dove," and "The Golden Bowl" was James's "major phase," and would always have taken delight in Mr. Matthiessen's perceptions, his critical reasoning, his knowledge that James was a genius to be illuminated but not accounted for by explanations. It is a book for Jamesians, at least for those who have read James; but it makes no compromises with, or contributions to, a James cult. Mr. Matthiessen's appreciation is all the more convincing in that it is never uncritical. Few Jamesians will feel that he overestimates "The Ambassadors" or "The Wings," and those who admire "The Golden Bowl" less than he will hardly be able to improve upon his adverse comments.

FROM the hitherto inaccessible Notebooks Mr. Matthiessen derives exactly that personal material which contributes to an understanding of James's fiction, and none whatever for other purposes. (His intention to write a larger book, making full use of the Notebooks, promises definitive treatment of a kind no other American writer has received, except Mark Twain from Bernard DeVoto.) He includes as an appendix a detailed and rewarding study of James's revisions of "his first masterpiece," "The Portrait of a Lady." And throughout his discussion of the great novels of "the major phase," including the two final unfinished works and the short stories of the period, he not only never fails to discern the significance of James's conscious achievement, in detail or in the large, but continually progresses to the central point—which is his chapter on "The Religion of Consciousness." Jamesians are inevitably conscious of James's awareness—awareness of the imagination, of relationships, of the process of creation; awareness of awareness itself—and beyond this, Mr. Matthiessen goes to what is central in James: his sense of good and evil. This chapter is the essence of what the author has to say; brilliant in it-

**HENRY JAMES: THE MAJOR PHASE. By F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. xvi + 190 pp., with index. $2.50.*
THE GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by Philip Rahv. New York: The Dial Press. 1944. xiii + 799 pp. $4.
STORIES OF WRITERS AND ARTISTS. By Henry James. Edited by F. O. Matthiessen. New York: New Directions. 1944. 346 pp. $3.50.

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self, it is a promise of further development in the larger work to come.

All this is for those who have read James. Since it is literary criticism at its best, it may bring new readers to James from among those who read the book not for its subject but for its excellence as criticism. Whether it will contribute to a popular revival of James is another matter. Mr. Matthiessen never overstates his case; but he does occasionally insert a suggestion which if pursued too far might come to grief—though Mr. Matthiessen could bring it off if anyone could. One such suggestion is that James's "graduation of characters according to their degree of consciousness may be validly translated into terms of social consciousness, and thus serve as a measure in a more dynamic world than James ever conceived of." The idea is pregnant, but it seems likely to produce an illegitimate offspring. It is plausible, in one sense, but not in a Jamesian sense—not, specifically in that of the James who exasperated H. G. Wells. Similarly, Mr. Matthiessen writes, "It is my conviction that 'The Wings of the Dove' searches as deeply into the American consciousness as 'Winesburg, Ohio.'" What is the American consciousness? To some, to Jamesians particularly, it might seem more appropriate to say that "The Wings" searches as deeply into the limited area of American consciousness as "Winesburg" into the unlimited depths of American consciousness. But possibly this is quibbling. Certainly Mr. Matthiessen makes few gestures towards the fashions of social criticism, which means that his analysis of the relation of James's work to his background is the soundest kind of social criticism.

What remains less definite is the relation of James toward his audience—his potential as well as his actual audience. It has often been remarked how richly, with what infinite resource and variety, James throughout his work developed a few themes. The international scene; the portrait of the artist; the child's view of adult behavior; the extreme subtlety of human relationships; and the tragedy of the greater sensitivity at the mercy of the lesser—seldom is one of these threads absent, and usually two or more are woven into the fabric. The two anthologies, if they are widely read, may give an undue emphasis to the first two themes. The anthology edited, with a distinguished introduction, by Mr. Matthiessen, is candidly entitled "Stories of Writers and Artists," and it contains the best of them: "The Author of 'Beltraffio,'" "The Real Thing," "The Lesson of the Master," "The Death of the Lion," "The Figure in the Carpet," and the others. The 800-page anthology is not exclusive as to subject, but strongly emphasizes the international scene, in "Madame de Mauves," "An International Episode," "Daisy Miller," "The Siege of London," and "Lady Barberina" (so spelled in this volume, which uses the unrevised texts; the other does not). "The Great Short Novels of Henry James" is edited with an able introduction and illuminating comments by Philip Rahv; in addition to the international stories, it represents the first category in "The Author of 'Beltraffio'" and "The Aspern Papers," and the third in "The Pupil" and (a special case) "The Turn of the Screw." It does not, perhaps, contain

enough of James's later work to demonstrate to a reader approaching him for the first time that the fourth and fifth of James's themes are of a different order from the first three; and particularly, for James, the tragedy of sensitivity was the real thing.

The relationship between James and his audience is anomalous, and the anomaly results from the fact that this major theme remains implicit in his early works, frequently submerged in his middle period, and achieves full clarity and resonance only in "the major phase." Consequently, those to whom James's developed style is an exquisite irritation may never know at first hand what he was really writing about. Whether they like or dislike James, it is probably for the wrong reasons: they think he was a novelist of manners. And so, up to a point, he was; but it is what extends beyond that point that is important.

Nothing could bring this out more clearly than to compare two of the early "international" stories; "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode." "Daisy Miller" is widely admired, particularly by readers who do not like James's later books, as a touching story of a warm-hearted, generous girl who became the victim of snobs—a stupid snob, her mother; and various clever snobs, the English-speaking colony at Rome. This is partly true, but Daisy is really the victim of the author, who exposed her to the elements and killed her off, killing simultaneously the irony and the pathos of the original situation and superimposing an artificial pathos instead. "Daisy Miller" dates; Daisy's mother and brother are characters from somewhere between the comic strips and early Booth Tarkington, as Daisy is part Winnie Winkle and part Alice Adams. And the story has one of the early examples of that epicene, esthetic, and unproductive young man—usually American—who appears so distressingly often in James, and who has the same effect on the reader as Osric did on Hamlet.

"Daisy Miller" is the stock American in the stock Europe; but "An International Episode" is full of surprises. The dialogue of "Daisy" is largely antique slang, sometimes painful to read; that of the "Episode" (also written in the seventies) rings so true that you can hear the precise intonations of the speakers. Daisy is from Schenectady, and James knew her at second hand; Bessie Alden is from New York and Newport, Lord Lambeth from London, and James knew them intimately. Daisy is all heart and no head, a combination of characteristics which is untypical in James, to say the least; Bessie is a subtly realized balance of head and heart, and from this combination, James could derive all the possibilities. "Daisy" is conventional where "An Episode" is original; it ends in a contrived death, where the other ends in a dramatic and delightfully convincing decision; "Daisy" is all international episode, where the "Episode" is one of James's earliest explorations of awareness. Yet, Daisy has the breath of life in her, in spite of all that is wrong with her story; and Bessie Alden, in spite of all that is right in hers, lives only as long as the book is open.

NO admirer of James wishes to give aid and comfort to those who think he "brewed genteel little tempests in exquisite teapots" (in the phrase quoted by Mr. Matthiessen from Herbert Muller). James wrote greatly about some of the subtlest intricacies of the human spirit, and he uniquely revealed the relationship of the individual to civilization. Nevertheless a great many readers to whom his subject matter is of high consequence find it impossible to read him. I do not think the real reason is the one usually given—the complexity of the latter style. That would not prevent anyone from enjoying most of the short stories and novelettes, or any of the novels up to "The Awkward Age." Anyone, moreover, who had really enjoyed James up to "The Awkward Age" would be unlikely to stop there. It is precisely to these readers that the later style brings the greatest delight, for reasons which Mr. Matthiessen has unanswerably set forth. The admirers of "The Spoils of Poynton" and "The Lesson of the Master" are not the ones who bog down in "The Ambassadors" and "The Wings of the Dove." What happens is that many readers enjoy "Daisy Miller" and "The

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Up from Slavery: Richard Wright's Story

BLACK BOY: A RECORD OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By Richard Wright. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 228 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE reception of this disturbing book is bound to be emotional and confused, nor can I pretend to avoid these weaknesses. But inasmuch as "Black Boy" has a dual purpose, it may keep discussion clear if one comments on the volume with reference to its two main aspects. It is at once a literary work and a document in race relationships.

As a literary work "Black Boy" belongs to the category of unashamed autobiography and suggests in method Jack London's "John Barleycorn" or Rousseau's "Confessions." The writer purports to tell the whole truth, to conceal nothing, to expose his emotional weaknesses, the indignities he endured, the sins and errors into which he fell. The world of Mississippi was a world in which everybody, white and black, pushed him around; and the story of these cruelties is the story of his life. There are, of course, random instances of kindly treatment but these are rare, and the total effect of the volume is an effect of passive suffering, punctuated by outbursts of blind emotional rebellion. Only at the end does the central figure take positive action and escape to Chicago.

Mr. Wright has chosen this method to illustrate the wrongs of his race, but the effect of his procedure is to weaken his book as a literary work. He emphasizes an endless array of wrongs, but he minimizes the development of his own personality. The "I" of the book is, in London's phrase, only a bit of the protoplasm. Even the desire to "write stories" which, at one stage of this sad history, seems to promise relief is not so much an act of the will as a kind of emotional outpouring. When the author attempts to re-create the child he was, he once or twice catalogues the sense impressions of boyhood, but aside from the fact that the rhetoric of these passages is unconvincing, they only increase the grey helplessness of the central figure, who is defined principally in terms of tension and bewilderment.

In contrast to the passivity of virtue in these pages, the acts of the boy's persecutors, white and black, are presented in dramatic scenes of vivid and even violent writing and in dialogue of great vigor and a vocabulary that spares the chaste ears of Boston nothing whatsoever. In some degree this verbal violence may conceal the central failure of the story, which is the failure to chronicle the growth of a personality under suffering as a Dostoievsky would have done. But the failure is there; and it is the more awkward because this reduction of a Negro autobiography to a jerky succession of outraged reactions is going to be misinterpreted in some quarters and cited as proof that Negro human nature is like that. This, of course, is precisely what Mr. Wright does not say.

This either-or formula of passive virtue (or at least potential virtue) and active evil is the formula of melodrama; and just as an easy recourse to melodrama was the structural weakness of "Native Son," so it is the structural weakness of "Black Boy." Mr. Wright has therefore twice fallen into this trap, but he has done so for honorable reasons. He is so outraged by man's inhumanity to man that he is prepared to sacrifice artistic values for hortatory ones. He does not care whether you read "Black Boy" as a novel, an autobiography, or a case study, provided you read him. And read him you must. For "Black Boy" is a deeply disturbing document in race relations. Whatever its weaknesses as art, you cannot ignore its strength as indictment.

What Mr. Wright indicts is the whole Jim Crow system. His wretched persecutors were black as well as white, but let no white man comfort himself with this racial distinction. The cruelty, the violence, the neglect, the brutality with which the growing boy was treated by members of his own race are, as Mr. Wright is at some pains to show, not racial characteristics, they are the inevitable function, the inevitable product of a system of life that not merely dooms the Negro to second-class citizenship, but also begrudges him the sorry privileges of that ill-defined and deceitful status. His family and his friends do not treat him wisely because they do not know any better, and they do not know any better because they are forever cut off from graciousness, from culture, from universalisms. They therefore take refuge in two patterns of emotional response equally stultifying: a religion which, contrary to white belief, is as narrow as any form of decayed Calvinism could possibly be; and a "Sklavenmoral" which, if it serve as a shield against the white man, induces lying, dishonesty, irresponsibility, and a host of similar moral evils in those compelled to practise it. This is the simple and effective indictment made by Mr. Wright.

It is sometimes said we would have no racial trouble in this country if the cultivated leaders on both sides of the partition got together. This is a statement at once profoundly true and profoundly false. If it is true, the obligation of the white man is to afford the Negro every conceivable opportunity to secure cultivation. As a factual interpretation, it is, however, profoundly false, for the reason that it is with the mass of half-educated whites that the mass of half-educated Negroes come chiefly into contact. "Black Boy" is the chronicle of this sort of contact. It is a scornful history of one man's experience of the bitter truth that at the average level of contact the Negro has no rights the white man is bound to respect, if the white man thinks he can get away with it.

—Courtesy of Downtown Gallery, New York City.
Black Belt—Harlem.

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A policeman once defended the little boy. A white man from Illinois once cautiously tried to befriend him. There may be another instance or two in the volume of something other than insult and hatred, but as I think over its bitter pages I do not recall any others, and I must suppost that in the main this is a truthful chronicle, however distorted one may find it as a literary work.

There are some surprising omissions. It seems odd that the boy had never heard a whisper of Fisk or Atlanta University or Tuskegee or Hampton. It seems odd that no trace of the work of any interracial commission should be found in the Mississippi of his childhood. It seems odd that, aside from a single excursion into the editor's office, he should have found no comfort in any Negro newspaper or magazine. And the sheer law of probability ought to have thrown into his way a larger number of decent white people than he seems to have known—or has the memory of undoubted wrong obliterated the recollection of goodness, as it often does?

It will be said by many concerned for race relations in the years ahead that a book as violent in tone as "Black Boy" does more harm than good, and there is truth in this assertion. But the book exists. A state of mind exists. A race exists, and that race regards itself as suffering grievous wrongs. The Jim Crow system is doomed. It will not end tomorrow or next week or next year, but it cannot maintain itself. The problem is no longer a Negro problem, it is a white problem, and the problem is whether the white race will continue a bitter, grudging, snarling rear guard action that can only induce verbal and physical violence, or whether it can give graciously, if by slow and wise degrees, that which it is bound to yield in the end.

Unless above himself he can
Arise, how poor a work is man.

The Army, the Navy, and the Negro

A RISING WIND. By Walter White. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 155 *pp.* $2.

JIM CROW JOINS UP. By Ruth Danenhower Wilson. New York: William J. Clark. 1945. 129 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

I asked a friend who was reading Walter White's book at the same time as myself what his reaction was. His answer was unexpected and succinct. "I wanted to kick Lady Astor." It was precisely what I had wanted to do.

This unexpected answer started me thinking: here, perhaps, was a powerful way of getting reader-response. Walter White's book is a first-hand report on the status of the Negro in the war theatres of Europe and Africa. The peculiarly exciting nature of the report is that it presents situation after situation into which the reader inevitably projects himself. Time after time I found myself punctuating Mr. White's recital of a particularly ugly happening with a large-sized oath. I saw myself taking part. I wanted to punch the meanminded character in the act. I wanted to tell him where to get off. I wanted to. . . .

Perhaps this is the way to get people's minds moving on great human issues. Not by arguing about abstractions, but by describing situations. Where a fight is on, the human mind has an invariable tendency to take sides. I doubt whether anyone can read Walter White's accounts of hundreds of situations in which galling injustice has been done Negro soldiers or in which justice has been gallantly done by decent-minded white soldiers or civilians without being intensely in on each situation. On almost every page, the book challenges the reader to decide what he himself would have done.

Much of the same effect is produced by Ruth Danenhower Wilson's "Jim Crow Joins Up." Her book—she is a white woman who comes of a Navy family—is a first-hand report of the status of Negroes, both men and women, in the armed forces at home. In it, she describes what she saw and heard in twenty-two posts and stations throughout the United States. Her manuscript, she writes, was reviewed by the Office of Public Relations of the Navy Department and the Bureau of Public Relations of the War Department and was published "as amended by them." That the amendments did not pull all her punches is attested by the fact that the book is endorsed by the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Here too, as in Mr. White's book, justice and injustice are treated as more than abstractions. They are particularized in situations. The author describes the things that individual officers, soldiers, civilians, and government departments do to individual Negro soldiers. Some of these are good; far more are downright evil.

On the whole, while these two reports give encouragement to the belief that a wind of decency is rising that is already blowing away the ugliest of our traditional prejudices, they do not encourage us to believe that it is yet strong enough to blow them all away. Perhaps the most disheartening fact is that Jim Crow is now invading Europe. America, the land of equality, is, through the prejudices of many of her officers and officials, imposing the practice of inequality in Europe and Africa. English people are amazed and bewildered. They want to treat our Negro soldiers with courteous generosity because they like them and respect them; but in case after case they are significantly admonished not to do so. The irony of it is that while fighting a master-race theory made-in-Germany, we import a similar theory made-in-America.

The climax of our contradictory position is reached in North Africa. "Since before the days of the Saracens," writes Mr. White, "North Africa has been a melting pot in which the blood of all races has mingled. But now attempts were being made to teach the natives that skin color made a difference in human relations. In Casablanca, Algiers, Tunis, and other North African cities segregation had been established." He quotes an American Army chaplain as saying:

> The French and Spanish people have been told that the Negro troops are not clean or healthy; that they are beastly and inhuman and should not be associated with. When the natives have refused to listen to such tommyrot and continued to associate with the Negro troops, all who were found walking the streets with Negro troops were immediately arrested by the French police, at the instigation of the American Army authorities, and taken to headquarters for examination for disease.

Not all Army officers behave that way. The most heartening description in Mr. White's book is of the determined efforts of General Eisenhower to do equal justice to white and colored so far as Army regulations permit.

Another heartening aspect of Mr. White's report is his reference to changes wrought in the minds of our soldiers. Having fought side by side, many of them, Northern and Southern alike, conclude that not only can they eat side by side but can treat one another with common courtesy and respect.

Mr. White has withering things to say about our War and Navy departments; and in these he is corroborated by Mrs. Wilson.

> Our War and Navy departments have not yet faced the issues involved. They still play an opportunist game, yielding almost invariably to the lowest common denominator of racial bigotry. In the meantime many thousands of officers and en-

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listed men whose instincts are to treat their fellow men as fellow men hesitate because they fear that reprisals will come if they act as they believe they should.

Mrs. Wilson asks the question sharply why our War and Navy departments should "organize our entire Army and Navy on a pattern of racial segregation used only in about a quarter of our states and of a still smaller proportion of our population." Her answer is that our Army and Navy "have long been dominated by officers of Southern background and of antebellum philosophy." But there is hope, she thinks. "In our rapidly expanding armed forces today this Southern bloc is becoming more and more in a minority."

"America," writes Mr. White recounting an enlightening discussion on race relations with American soldiers,

> is losing the greatest opportunity it ever had to reëducate ten millions or more of its men and women in social understanding. I do not mean that they should be propagandized. Timidity characterizes virtually every approach. Fear of criticism from unintelligent and reactionary members of Congress or from the press and organizations of like character had dominated government action on these issues.

Mrs. Wilson, in her book, makes a particularly valuable report on the status of Negro women in the services. It is a disquieting report. Here, again, a great opportunity seems to have been lost. Instead of organizing the women's corps along new lines, more in agreement with the racial ideology of the majority of the women in the corps, the old Army traditions were taken over unaltered and segregation reigned supreme. She has hopeful things to say about the unsegregated training in the Officers' Candidates Schools and about the generous racial attitudes in the Marines. But there are few places in the Army or the Navy where all men are treated as men, all women as women, and all as patriotic American citizens.

Both of these books are arousing. They had best not be read by liberals whose blood pressure is already too high. But for those who can still afford to step up the level of their social indignations, these are books that will set the adrenals flowing. The problem is not so much how to kick Mrs. Astor for her placid assumption that the privileges of the privileged will remain forever, as to build up a public opinion against which the residual prejudices of a stubborn minority can have no effect.

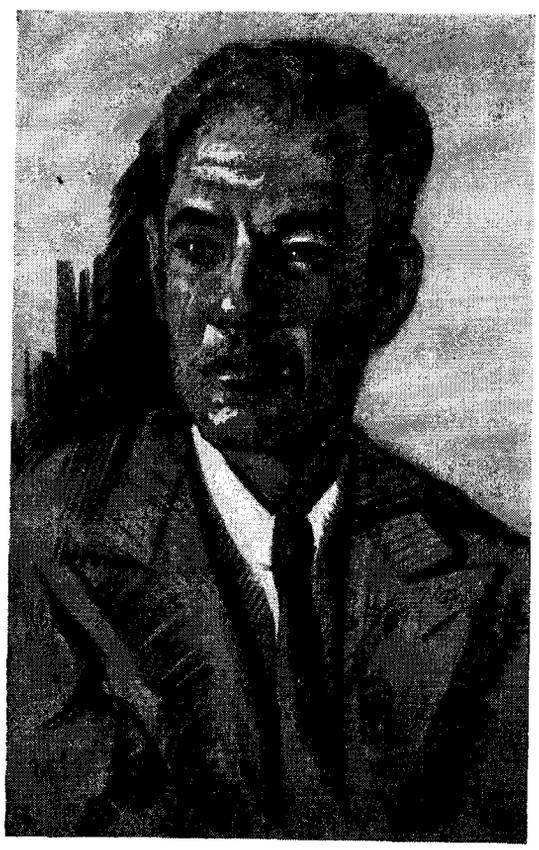
Of Certain Dangerous Sympathies

APARTMENT IN ATHENS. By Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

NOVELS of the Nazis and their victims are mounting mightily in number, as did Jurgen's women. No ravished country, large or small, is being neglected as a scene; while talents large and small, and mediocre, are piling up the total.

This new addition to the company has Athens for its setting, but the jacket note informs us that the middle-class family with which the story is concerned "might be of any captive nation," and there is nothing in the novel itself to persuade us that Mr. Wescott is particularly well acquainted with the Greek character, or particularly well informed regarding the special situation in which Athens found itself during the German occupation. We are told that when Mrs. Helianos looked out the window she could see the Parthenon topping the Acropolis. We are told that the Helianos's eldest son was killed in the battle of Mount Olympus. We are told that the Helianos family, in the good days, lived in the suburb of Pyshiko. But this minor play with local names effects no illusion, and the reader never feels that he has been transported into the Grecian scene. By intention or otherwise, the sympathetic characters of "Apartment in Athens" seem to be rootless.



—*SRL Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield.*
Glenway Wescott

Nikolas Helianos was an Athenian publisher of textbooks and scholarly works, who had married the daughter of a rich, conservative, merchant family; a family that disapproved of him because of his liberal kinsmen, who were destined to be active in the forces of Greek resistance. But the good conservatives need not have worried about Nikolas in this latter connection, for "he was too sedentary and philosophical for the time of war. To be sure, he would have nothing to do with the Germans or Italians; but on the other hand he did not participate at all in the underground or any sort of organized resistance to the occupiers of Greece. He never thought of anything that he felt he might be able to do in that way." Intent upon their own survival, Mr. and Mrs. Helianos and their two children met the invasion by moving from their suburban house into a city apartment, where they lived and consoled one another as best they could. Alex, a nervous, imaginative boy of twelve, dreamed dreams of vengeance upon the enemy; Leda, aged ten, always backward and now a victim of war shock, dragged out a listless existence; while the father and mother drew mutual strength from their tested union. Then, one day, came a sudden blow. A German officer was billeted upon them. He would require two of their four rooms, and the exclusive use of their W. C. Mr. and Mrs. Helianos were relegated to a large cot set up in the kitchen, and their life became one of ignoble servitude.

Captain Kalter never resorted to physical brutality, but their ordeal was scarcely the lighter for that. It permitted of no heroic action. It was simply degrading and therefore destroying. "They decided not to say much about it after it was over, if they lived to see that day. It was too far below the level of what other people recognized as courage. Their having been able to bear it would be nothing to boast of. They thought of it as having been embodied in themselves, like a disease all through them, like vermin all over them. That would be the story and they would be ashamed to tell it."

Their trial lasted for about a year, until the spring of 1943, when Captain Kalter went to Germany on two weeks' leave, and returned to them as Major Kalter. He returned also a different man. He looked worn, drained; his appetite was gone, and there was a

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strange kindliness in his manner. He spoke to them now as if they were human beings. He seemed actually interested in their welfare. Ended were many of their menial tasks; in particular, "one little indecent chore and midnight humiliation." At first they could not believe in the change, they could not trust it. Then Helianos came to believe and trust. It would have been hard for a man of his temperament to do otherwise, particularly when the Major invited him to share the sitting-room of an evening, and began to spend hours expounding the Nazi philosophy of struggle for struggle's sake, the German's fateful role in history, and the Nazi vision of a succession of wars, as many as necessary, ending inevitably in German victory and world-rule. It would have been hard for Helianos not to express his sympathy when he learned of the Major's loss of wife and sons, and it was natural that he should express it as he did. But it was also disastrous. And in that disaster lies, and from it arises, the meaning of Mr. Wescott's novel.

Writing to his wife from prison, the husband says: "It is something for us to beware of: the good moods of the Germans, their suddenly reforming and seeking to please, the natural changes of their hearts. That is the moral of my story. In fact the likable and virtuous ones are far worse than the others as it works out, because they mislead us. They bait the trap for the others." Between wars, says Helianos, "they are so likeable. Their emotions are so warm and their minds so cultivated; they are so comfortable in friendship, they take such pleasure in doing little kindnesses; and they are so absolutely convinced of every kind of idealism; there is great charm in knowing them." But never trust them! Never be sorry for them! Never be deceived by their own momentary self-deception!

This moral, this message, this statement, will almost surely evoke nothing but agreement and applause from the readers to whom it is addressed. But applause for the encompassing novel will vary in volume, depending upon the magnitude of the expectation awakened in the individual (by the author's subject and his initial treatment) and the proportionate magnitude of the subsequent satisfaction. An author gains much by being assured of ready, even eager, reader-collaboration when he deals with a theme such as Mr. Wescott has chosen; but he also risks much. Had my own expectation been less, my satisfaction would no doubt have been greater. As it was, before I was half-way through the book, I began to find the characters lacking in vitality, and the quest of intellectual truth and emotional subtlety a little precious, even verging on dullness. When Kalter began to talk, for example, I could not help thinking comparatively of Arthur Koestler's vigor and tough reasoning. More and more my mind went to a passage in which Mr. Westcott says of Helianos: "He thought that it was like a little stage with painted shadows, darkened lights; the whole household somehow changing places, as it were in a vague inconsequential dance to almost inaudible music . . ." And it occurred to me that the whole novel was rather like that: inconsequential and dim.

But, of course, dim though it may be, it is not inconsequential—its very subject saves it from being that. And now, in recollection, it is beginning to seem to me better than it did in the reading; which is an experience that is not produced, or should not be, by negligible writing. Best of all, perhaps, is the understanding statement of the relationship existing between Mr. and Mrs. Helianos—of their "old marriage." This is true and tender, and perceptive; and lastingly affecting.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TWENTY MORE SUBTITLES

Listed below are the not-so-well-known subtitles of twenty familiar works. (Others appeared in March 15, 1941, and July 18, 1942.) Allowing 5 points for each title you can recall, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 35.

1. ...., A Dog's Own Story, by Marshall Saunders.
2. ...., A Story of Chicago, by Frank Norris.
3. ....., or Love Behind a Throne, by George Barr McCutcheon.
4. ....., A Winter Idyll, by John Greenleaf Whittier.
5. ....., or The Peer and The Peri, by W. S. Gilbert.
6. ...., An Old Story, by Robert Browning.
7. ...., Showing How He Went Farther Than He Intended and Came Safe Home Again, by William Cowper.
8. ....., or The British Agent, by Somerset Maugham.
9. ...., Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family, by Thackeray.
10. ...., or The Romance of Monte Beni, by Hawthorne.
11. ....., A Study of Provincial Life, by George Eliot.
12. ...., or Maid, Wife, and Widow, a Matter-of-Fact Romance, by Charles Reade.
13. ....., The Gypsy Singer, by George Sand.
14. ...., or David Copperfield, by Robert Benchley.
15. ...., A Story of a Lady, by Louis Bromfield.
16. ...., A Romance of Exmoor, by Richard Blackmore.
17. ...., or The Mistakes of a Night, by Oliver Goldsmith.
18. ...., or Life Among the Lowly, by Harriet B. Stowe.
19. ...., or What You Will, by William Shakespeare.
20. ...., or Simple Seventeen, by Stephen Leacock.

Exiled Literature

SCHRIFTSTELLER IM EXIL. By Peter Lindt. New York: Willard Publishing Co. 1944. 192 *pp.* $3.20

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

FOR over two years, Mr. Peter Lindt, a German radio commentator and author, presented over a New York station the works of exiled writers to a steadily growing audience. He was suddenly dismissed by a management anxious not to hurt the feelings of those German-Americans who cannot stand anti-Nazi ideas. Now Mr. Lindt has collected his introductions to readings from the works of exiled writers, a few interviews on the air, and a few lectures on literary themes on special occasions. George N. Shuster, President of Hunter College, has written a short English preface to the volume. Mr. Lindt's work on the radio was undoubtedly of value and importance for his audience and for the exiled writers. His book offers much information about the work of known and unknown German, Austrian, Czechoslovakian exiled writers, although this information is fragmentary and of a literary-gossip-column character rather than systematic and critical. In the absence of a bibliograpical and literary-historical work on exiled literature, Mr. Lindt's book will be welcomed as a substitute.

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The Chinese War for Independence

CHINA AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF WAR. Edited by Hollington K. Tong. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD WATTS, JR.

UNDER the editorship of the able and indefatigable Hollington Tong, the famous Chinese Vice-Minister of Information, seven skilled employees of his ministry, five Chinese and two American, last year wrote and published in the mist-swept citadel of Chungking a compilation of lively journalistic articles about the distressed land that has longest fought off international fascist aggression. Now, entitled "China After Seven Years of War," the collection has been published in America, where the reader can find in it an interesting and informative account of many important aspects of the Chinese struggle for independence, set down frankly from the official point of view.

In it Hawthorne Cheng gives a general picture of life in wartime China as well as a detailed account of the Stilwell-trained Chinese Army's valiant come-back in Burma. Floyd Taylor describes Chungking, "City of Mud and Courage," and Chu Fu-sung tells about a small town, in addition to providing a valuable report on Chinese wartime writing. Jean Lyons tells of "New Horizons for the Chinese Woman." Charles C. H. Wan writes of guerilla activity and Frank Tao of the precarious life of the student. Samuel M. Chao provides accounts of the brilliant record of the Chinese National Aviation Corporation, of the work of the Chinese American Composite Wing in which Chinese and Americans cooperate in combatting the common enemy in the air, and of the training of Chinese officers by Americans at the Infantry Training Center. Chu Fu-sung has the most difficult task in describing "Progress Toward Constitutional Government."

All of the accounts are in their way of interest, and some are considerably more than that. For example, the chapter on Chungking by Mr. Taylor, who is now the *New York Herald Tribune's* editorial expert on China in succession to Rodney Gilbert, is the best single depiction of the spirit and atmosphere of China's fascinating wartime metropolis that has yet been set down, amid all the innumerable attempts to capture the quality of this rain-wracked, heat-ridden, ramshackle, furiously uncomfortable city at the confluence of the Yangzte and Chialing, which used to be the most bombed capital in the world. As one who has been attempting on and off since 1936 to describe the intangible things that make Chungking so remarkable I realize the extent of Mr. Taylor's achievement.

If the other chapters are less striking and less successful as sheer writing, many are none the less valuable. While it makes no pretense of being a critical study, Mr. Chu's report on wartime writing is of particular interest because it lists the names and works of so many Chinese writers, unknown to the Western world, who are likely to play an important part in the future of their country as it struggles to take its place among the great democracies of the post-war world. These writers feel that the writers of America are their colleagues, that they have common aims of brotherhood, and that they can look to them for aid and comfort, and it is a good thing for us to hear their names.

To pick almost at random among the remaining chapters, Mr. Chao's account of "China's Life Line in the Air" is a deserved tribute to the dramatic and effective work done by the Chinese and American commercial flyers of the Chinese National Aviation Company. It was this remarkable air line that kept China in contact with the outside world in the dark days when appeasement was rife in both Europe and Asia, and China was indeed cut off from the outside world. If only as a tale of adventure this chapter would be of interest. I admire Mr. Chu's chapter on the progress toward constitutional government for the determination and enthusiasm with which he has attempted to make a very fine mountain out of what I fear to be a rather inconsiderable molehill.

Taken as a whole, "China After Seven Years of War" is an agreeable and merited tribute to the steadfastness and courage of the Chinese people in their long stand against aggression. For those to whom China and its battle still seem far away, the book can be of value in making the country and the people more understandable and placing them in properly human terms. If the book at times seems to reveal its Chinese authors in a somewhat self-congratulatory tone, this is perhaps understandable in the light of the sometimes unfair criticism to which their land has been subjected.

At the same time it is only fair to note that the book which Dr. Tong edited is frankly special pleading and that its account of China at this climactic time in the world's history is a decidedly rose-colored one. The weariness, the emotional let-down, of the country after so long a period of war is entirely natural and the book suggests it, but it does not indicate its depth and extent. There is no indication that the writers described by Mr. Chu are the victims of a censorship that is more soul-destroying than any of the physical discomforts to which they are subjected. The Communists are not even mentioned, save in so far as it is noted that two of them are members of the People's Council, which has no powers. There is no word of them in the chapter on guerilla activities, although the work of their guerillas has been extraordinary effectiveness. There is not a word about the Eighth Route Army.

Hollington K. Tong

Since the ministry that is responsible for the book is a Kuomintang Party organization, it is natural that there should be no word of the constructive work of the Communists in Yenan or of the extent to which political and social reaction has grown as the reactionary landowners have become more powerful in the ruling group. There is no word of the large and powerful clique which believes that China should sit tight and let the Americans win their war for them. There is no suggestion of the corruption and inefficiency in the Army, which have made the hardships of the soldiers terrible and reflect bitterly on many of the higher officers, although certainly not on the valor of the common soldier. What China has accomplished in its long years of war provides an heroic record but there are the extremely dark spots, too, and by leaving them out this book is giving only part of the picture.

Richard Watts, Jr., for many years drama critic of the New York Herald Tribune, *has recently returned from China where he served as correspondent for that newspaper.*

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Basic Issues in the Far East

ASIA ON THE MOVE. By Bruno Lasker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 207 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

THE forced transfers of millions of people in Europe, and even more the deliberate policies of extermination employed by Nazi Germany, have created an intense concern with population questions in that theatre of the war. Mr. Lasker's valuable study, sub-titled "Population Pressure, Migration, and Resettlement in Eastern Asia Under the Influence of Want and War," calls needed attention to problems of the same category that will face us in the Far East after the war.

In the broad picture, there are certain inevitable similarities between the issues that are developing in the two areas. Public opinion in the West is still not fully aware that the staggering relief problem in European countries, now only too apparent, will exist on a comparable or even greater scale over much of eastern Asia, with a population of 600 million people. In many of the countries of Japan's "co-prosperity sphere," aside from the drastic food deficiencies, large masses of people are now barely able to clothe themselves in remnants of old garments. Even were the shipping available, Japanese textiles—*ersatz* or otherwise—are not.

On the other hand, with the major exception of China, the resettlement of refugees, war prisoners, or slave laborers will present fewer difficulties than in Europe. The net effect of Japan's policy, notably in Southeast Asia and to a considerable extent in its older colonies, has been to freeze communication and movement of native peoples between countries. Unlike Germany, Japan has imported few slave laborers for work in the home islands, at least up to the present, although North China has been combed for manpower needed in Manchuria. Some part of these workers in Manchuria will doubtless wish to return

—From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.
Architect of Empire

to Shantung, Hopei, and other North China provinces after the war. The really significant migration, however, has been that from occupied to free China. Its exact numbers are not known, but undoubtedly millions of Chinese now in the interior will be moving back to the coastal provinces after the war. As Mr. Lasker points out, this will constitute a problem which must be handled in relation to the Chinese Government's longer term program of development, if sound reconstruction aims are to be fostered. At least one other transfer of population, affecting Japan itself, may take on considerable dimensions. Aside from Japanese prisoners of war, scattered throughout the Pacific, repatriation of many of the Japanese civilians in Southeast Asia, China, Formosa, Manchuria, and Korea may well be demanded. Their total number ranges up to two million and a half. Finally, a good part of the million or more Koreans in Japan may desire to return home after Korea is freed.

On the more basic issue of population pressure, Mr. Lasker provides a wealth of background material for the Southeast Asia countries, for China, and for Japan and its old-line colonies. The universal presence of semi-feudal agriculture, on which eighty to ninety per cent of the people depend for a livelihood, is in all cases the root cause of excessive birth rates that can be effectively limited only by urbanization. Even in Japan, at least forty per cent of the population is today directly tied to such an agricultural system, while fifty per cent (living in places of 10,000 or less in 1940) must be classified as rural. The figure of 62.3 per cent given in this volume is based on too large a city unit to produce a result that is typically rural. For all of these areas, and that means virtually the whole of eastern Asia, a combination of agrarian reform and industrialization offers the basic solution to "over-population" as well as to many other problems, both economic and political. (In actual fact, the term "over-population" is relevant, of course, only to given social-economic conditions within a country.) The one area in eastern Asia in which this combined program is being vigorously pursued at the present time is the Soviet Far East, although the author does not clearly bring out this point.

In concluding sections Mr. Lasker covers more familiar ground, including that of the immigration policies which have been characteristic of countries such as the United States and Australia. There is no prospect of large-scale emigration from eastern Asia to the Western world, and the diplomatic issues are essentially those of tactful handling of what in practice still amounts to discrimination. The responsibility of Western countries is thereby increased in other directions, particularly in the freeing of trade channels from artificial barriers, in facilitating the capital investment that will enable undeveloped economies to industrialize, and in scheduling due dates of independence for their colonies. These issues are all clearly suggested by the author.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 89

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 89 *will be found in the next issue.*

G H O L F D F B L V W K H

F R T X H W U B R I W U X W K;

I D V W L G L R X V Q H V V L V W K H

S U X G H U B R I I D O V H K R R G.

—K. Z. VKDZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 88

DEADLY POISONS ARE OFTEN CONCEALED UNDER SWEET HONEY. —OVID.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 570)

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY: *ANGELS*

I am . . . . . .
. . . . . .
Starving in Dublin
. . . . . .
. . . . . for gladness.
God sent an angel,
. . . . . .
An awful tomb-shattering
Burning Idea
Of Beauty and Splendour,
A winged Resurrector.
. . . . . .
Nations are judged
By their capital cities,
And we, by the way
That we fashion an Angel.

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Strictly Personal

VIOLA REGINA

WHEN Viola Roseboro' died several weeks ago at the age of eighty-seven, she was almost a forgotten woman. Unworldly, indisposed to advertise herself, few even of our older authors realize nowadays her influence on the growth of a national literature that was really American. No more did most of them know or appreciate her genius for conversation and her vivid, original personality—a kind of feminine Dr. Johnson without his touch of pomposity and without a Mrs. Boswell.

Born in the South before the Civil War, daughter of a clergyman who suffered for his antagonism to slavery, she passed from school to the stage, in time grew tired of barnstorming with such wandering stars as Kate Claxton, headed for New York and took to writing. She sold a few short stories to the *Atlantic* and the very minor magazines of the early '90's, found that she could not make a living out of it, and took service with the McClure Syndicate. A few weeks later, S. S. McClure decided to cut down his staff and discharged her personally "And I cried," she said afterward. "I'm still ashamed of that—not keeping a stiff upper lip. It was just a reflex action." McClure looked at her a moment and said:

"Miss Roseboro', so long as I run this business, you'll have a job!"

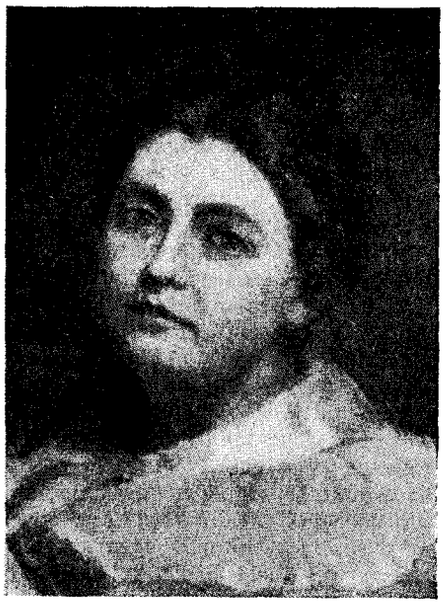
McClure had just founded that magazine which during the next two decades was to rise suddenly to the heights, to transform the scheme of American periodicals, and to fall almost as suddenly. He still had the attitude of the syndicate-editor toward fiction—"big names." Two barrels—literally barrels—of unsolicited manuscript lay unread in the storeroom. For want of anything more constructive to do, Viola Roseboro' took home bales of this copy and read it of nights. At that period, American fiction was in a rut. In spite of exceptions like Mary Wilkins, it lived by an overrefined formula. Even when it dealt with the kitchen, it smelled of the parlor. "Literature inspired it, not life," said Miss Roseboro' afterward. "The curse of editors and theatrical managers is their passion for something that resembles something that somebody else once did well." Her barnstorming had taught her how many aspects of America, material and spiritual, were waiting for their Jane Austen or their Balzac. She was looking for American life, stripped of bunk—she could scent the meretricious a mile away.

From those barrels, from the steady run of dog's-eared manuscript in the mails, she picked nuggets. She came upon a manuscript so illegibly written by hand that she almost passed it by—Josephine Dodge Daskam's delicious "The Madness of Philip," pioneer in a class of fiction about children written "over the child's shoulder." Of the same genre were George Madden Martin's tender "Emmie Lou" stories and Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens." These last, humorously penetrating studies of Jewish children on the East Side of New York, were perhaps the first literary recognition of our new immigrants in an alien world.

Once she broke into Mr. McClure's office hugging a bulky manuscript to her bosom and exclaiming, "Here's a serial sent by the Lord God Almighty to *McClure's Magazine!*" It was Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana," first distinguished piece of fiction about the conflict between political corruption and the puritan spirit in an American community. O. Henry, himself, told me that she accepted his first short story, "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking." It happened, however, that *Ainslee's* bought his next one and published it immediately, while "Whistling Dick" had to wait for the Christmas number. A series about life in city firehouses came in from the equally unknown Harvey O'Higgins. She grabbed it—that is the only verb to express the behavior of Viola Roseboro' in presence of a good manuscript. O'Higgins was to follow it with realistic stories of Tammany and Tammany politicians. Other early discoveries were Henry Wallace Philipps, to my mind the best writer of "Westerns" in that period, and Mary Stewart Cutting's acute "Little Stories of Married Life."

Within ten years after she emptied those two barrels, acceptance by *McClure's* seemed to most aspiring young American authors the artistic accolade, and Viola Roseboro' had founded a school of fiction. Its course was brief. The First World War wiped out our Victorian values. It belonged, nevertheless, to the main current.

And so to 1906, when the old "McClure crowd" whose writings had so powerfully influenced the politics of



—*New York Public Library Picture Collection*
Viola Regina

the times, broke up. John S. Philipps, S. S. McClure's able partner, took under his wing Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, and Albert B. Boyden, flew uptown, and lit on the *New American Magazine.* They wanted V. R. (in the McClure office we called her that or, for variety, "Viola Regina"). But she remembered the old crying-spell and stayed on; and they respected her scruples. When *McClure's* faded out, she went to *Collier's.* A crisis there, almost a collapse, an unwritten episode, and the rest, for her, was coaching young writers and entrancing small circles with her conversation.

AND what conversation! I have compared her to Dr. Johnson, and the comparison is not strained. It inclined toward dogmatism, but anyone with an indulgent heart felt that this was a small price to pay for so much wisdom. She could lose touch with reality in her emphasis on a point at argument, and come back with a jerk and a laugh at herself. I always think of her as sitting with a self-rolled cigarette no thicker than a knitting needle between her long, flexible fingers, pouring wit, wisdom, and illumination so fast that the trenchant phrase which you were trying to remember faded from memory through confusion with so many others. It had an unanalyzable Southern quality. Ranging in subject from world politics to gentle gossip, it dwelt most lovingly on the arts. Painting entranced her almost as much as literature, and a friendship with John La Farge had sharpened her native taste. During her prosperous days, she took long vacations in Europe, "chasing Renaissance painting from Madrid to Florence to Rotterdam." When an unfortunate investment swept away her savings, she

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used the few hundred dollars she had left in the bank for a trip to New Mexico and Arizona.

In mood, her conversation varied from tender to blasting. Samples of her scorn of scorns: Someone invited her to what we used to call a "culturine" lecture. She looked at the near-poet on the platform, at the overdressed audience, and, "Bah! The aspiring feeble-minded!" she said. James W. Osborn, the temperamental old criminal lawyer who enjoyed her mind beyond expression, took her experimentally to a raffish Tenderloin restaurant. "If John the Baptist came through that door," she said, "he'd have half these people groveling on the floor in ten minutes!" And once, in despair of human vagaries, she burst out, "Most people's heads are filled with agitated sawdust!"

She had an irregular and vividly expressive face which never conformed to any conventional pattern of beauty, but was yet comely—a slender, retrousse nose, a wide, expressive mouth, arresting eyes. Some of the fascination of her talk lay not in its substance but in sheer personality. She was not "stagey" in manner; yet from her theatrical training she retained freedom and force of gesture, effective use of her eyes for emphasis, timing, a flexible voice. When in the early nineties she rolled and smoked cigarettes in company, the proceeding was considered "fast." "No one fails to express horror except the retired sea-captains I know at Provincetown," she said. *"They've seen everything."* In that period no professed lady used profanity or near-profanity. But V. R., a mental aristocrat, claimed the aristocratic privilege of making her own code. One of a conventionally-minded company spoke slightingly of Lily Langtry. Out came Viola Roseboro's most booming accents—"Yes, and when Oscar Wilde died, she was the only one of his old associates who had the guts to go to his funeral. I take my hat off to that British whore!"

But she was a religious woman, as Johnson was a religious man, although she impounded her faith in no formal creed. By the same token she held to Victorian conception of morals without the prissy trimmings. But in judging men and women she looked for goodness rather than for flaws. As might be expected from a woman and a fictionist, her recurrent theme was character. She went to the core of human nature. One political figure of her time she painted at a single stroke—"He has no morals, but he does have moral emotions."

In our family, we quote Viola Roseboro' fully as often as we do Shakespeare.

WILL IRWIN.

Giving the Devil His Due

THE DEVIL'S SHARE. By Denis de Rougemont. Translated from the French by Haakon Chevalier. New York: Bollingen Series. 1945. 221 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE utility of myths in the organization and interpretation of human experience has long been recognized, and among the myths whereby man has explained his cosmos to himself there is none—or, perhaps, only one—that takes precedence of the Devil. Without His Satanic Majesty, the great realm of Evil baffles even tentative understanding; but once we admit his presence and his power, lo! all evil things and forces assume their places within a comprehensible order. Whether or not the Devil be more than a myth, so long as he be not less, scarcely matters for the purpose of this operation; in consequence of which fact, it is possible to read the present volume profitably on two levels of credence. One may read as a strict believer in the fallen Archangel of the Bible, or one may read merely for what the myth can yield in the way of hypothetical systematization.

Of course, Denis de Rougemont would insist that the degrees of profit must vary widely with the levels, for it is his conviction that those who scoff most violently at the very idea of the Devil's existence are those who are most completely in the Devil's hands. But even he never flatly states his belief in the canonical Prince of Darkness. Instead, he implies such belief by multiple implications, gracefully managed, while contenting himself, on this particular point, with philosophical rather than theological

Denis de Rougemont

asseveration. "Thus when I speak of the Devil," he writes,

> it is not simply an easy way of illustrating ideas. The real is not composed of ideas and matter. I conceive it as governed by structures of forces or dynamic entities anterior to all material form, to any idea that we might elucidate. The very special dynamism that I should like to describe in this book bears the traditional name of the Devil.

Addressing himself to a generation that he justly characterizes as ignorant in matters of theology, the author is careful to make and drive home points that would be taken for granted by an audience better instructed regarding Satan's nature and history. Thus he spends many words upon the Devil's ubiquitous character and his numberless disguises, assuring us that the Devil is very nearly everywhere; that he can speak with the voice of a liberal intellectual as well as with any other voice, that he is to be found shaping the plans of philanthropists no less than the techniques of psychoanalysis, that he is most successful wherever pride of intellect or self is flowering, that he is no stranger even within the Church itself. Capping this course of instruction, M. Rougemont points his finger firmly and says to us, with all the emphasis of climactic italics: "If you wish to elude the Devil's first trick, and his second trick at the same time, if you are seriously anxious to catch him, I shall tell you where you will be most sure to find him: *in the armchair in which you are sitting.*"

This, surely, will be no news to those who have given the Devil any thought at all, though it may still be news in many quarters. More recondite is the author's discussion of the Devil's essentially negative nature, and his inability to act except in the sphere of good, which is the creation of God.

> (He exists, to be sure, but he is in every being *that which is* not, that which tends to nothingness, that which secretly aspires to the destruction of existence—the existence of others or his own.—For we know that he can create nothing, not even in the field of his activity. He can therefore only twist and deform what exists and was well made by God. Our very vices are not true creations of the Devil, but only deflected.)

Most profitable to most readers, however, will be the author's analysis of specific evils now manifest in a world wherein the Devil is presumably operating. On such themes as man's fear of liberty, the festive-function of war, the role of the crowd in modern life, and the Babelization of

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society, M. Rougemont is at his best—intelligent, original, and persuasive. Believing as he does that salvation is to be won only through an active sense of individual responsibility, he sees us beset by forces and circumstances that are calculated to deprive us of this sense. "The crowd is the meeting place of men who are running away from themselves and their vocation." "We all live more and more in a world of collective trance. We all participate more and more in forms of life foreign to our particular fate and our normal aptitudes." The individual is becoming lost in the modern world, "because the frames have grown too big. But why have we enlarged them, for a century, beyond all measure? Why do we clamor for bigness, for more bigness at any cost? If not precisely in order to lose ourselves in it!"

In the struggle against evil, whatever form it take, M. Rougemont derives his greatest confidence from the simple certainty that we are neither gods nor God. Were we either, if everything depended upon us, as the Devil would have us believe, then there would be no hope. The game would be up, the battle lost; for the present catastrophe is the proof and measure of our powers. But everything does not depend upon us. "The principle and the end of Order, the summation, the final meaning, are in the hand of God, which is the Good." And, from the point of view of eterity, the battle against Evil is already won. The best that man can do—the best that he *must* do—is to identify himself with this ultimate victory by making himself an immediate participant in the struggle, by understanding that the fight within and the fight against the outward enemy are one and the same, by realizing that "Every man living a more responsible life *is* a defeat for the Devil, here and now, and for the tyrants too; a defeat that is absolute and without recourse, a first element in the imperishable order."

M. Rougemont's final answer, then, is the Christian answer; of the active, not the passive, kind. Individual salvation is to be achieved not by fleeing from life, but by self-realization in a social order, within the frame of a cosmic order. The fight that he urges us to wage is of this world, here and now, against such manifestations as Hitler, totalitarianism, pseudo-democracy, and the enemy within—the "Hitler" that is in all of us. But the source of his strength is not of this world, and it is no worldly victory towards which he looks. His appeal is to supernatural sanctions. He sees God in his heaven, and the Archangel Michael heading the hosts of the celestial militia. And so he takes his place in the swelling ranks of those for whom the answers and promises of man-made science are not enough; he is part of a movement that may prove the most fateful intellectual movement of our time. It is one that has parallels in the past, for whenever science has sought most boldly to extend its empire it has been most soundly rebuked. This is what happened to the science of the ancient physiologues, to the science of the scholastics, to the science of the Enlightenment. It may be happening already to the science of the nineteenth century, which advanced into the dawn of the twentieth with such superb confidence. The wind, if it is really rising, is not yet a gale; and books like "The Devil's Share" are only straws. But they are straws to be noted soberly. In this particular instance, the duty is far from dull, for M. Rougemont is spirited in style as well as thought, and the Chevalier translation, despite one or two slips that are apparent even without reference to the original, is a pleasantly readable text.

From Nomads to Farmers

THE TEN GRANDMOTHERS. By Alice Marriott. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1945. 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by E. DEGOLYER

THIS is a history of the Kiowa tribe and of their transformation from a nomadic plains tribe to a settled agricultural people as told to Alice Marriott, a trained and experienced anthropologist, by Kiowa informants.

As a history of the tribe, "Ten Grandmothers" is by no means comprehensive or complete. Rather the broad outline of tribal history serves as a background for the more intimate story of Eagle Plume and Spear Woman, the author's principal informants.

The Kiowas were a non-agricultural plains tribe of distinct linguistic stock living near the headwaters of the Missouri River as early as 1732, when first noticed by the whites. They were forced southward on the Great Plains to the Platte and Arkansas Rivers and finally came to rest in the Wichita Mountain region of western Oklahoma. They had reached the Canadian River before 1840 and within living memory continued in this range in confederation with the Comanche, armed neutrality with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne, intermittently at war with the Utes and Navajo, and in open and constant enmity with the Osage and Pawnee. The tribe was a small one, their population being estimated at 1500 in 1836 and 1165 in 1905. In 1901, the lands of their reservation in western Oklahoma were allotted in severalty and the rest was opened to settlement.

The "Ten Grandmothers" were ten medicine bundles and the most sacred paraphernalia of the tribe. The contents of the bundles are now unknown though the bundles still exist. Offerings and prayers are still made to them but they have not been opened since the death in the 1890's of the last of the line of priesthood charged with ceremonially cleansing them.

The tale spans the lifetimes of Eagle Plume and Spear Woman. Indeed, except for occasional traveler's references, it lacks but a few years of spanning the entire known history of the tribe and Miss Marriott includes as an appendix the Kiowa calendars of three of her informants as correlated with that of Mooney.

Dramatic and forceful is the account of the hardships and sufferings of a primitive people forced through war and starvation to abandon the good and proved ways of the Anclents and to accept the white man's road. Touching is the tale of the giving of power to Eagle Plume, the second son of Sitting Bear, and its denial to his favorite son. Tragic is the story of the death of the favorite, of Sitting Bear's journey across Red River to recover his bones, and of the mad attempt of the father to do honor to the bones.

I do not know how high Miss Marriott may rank as an anthropologist but in the management of her material as an author she is a genius. Tales told hundreds if not thousands of times are improved in each retelling until, in the end, there is little if any room for improvement. True folk tales are perfect things. This story is told with the stark simplicity and economy of line of a Chinese brush-drawing and with the stimulating and vital directness which authenticates the illusion of direct translation.

The typography and format of the book are up to the usual high standard of the University of Oklahoma Press. They present an agreeable proof that, even under wartime restrictions, an excellent book can be produced.

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Coördination of the National Farm

TWO BILLION ACRE FARM. By Robert West Howard. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 209 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

THIS is an uninhibited sketch of the agricultural history of continental United States from the retreat of the Wisconsin glacier to this present year of grace and the Triple-A. The author does not like cities, professors, or regimentation of any sort, political or economic. He believes in the basic idea of the National Grange Order of the Patrons of Husbandry—economic equality based on coöperation. William Saunders, founder of the Grange, is one of the very few in his long procession of characters for whom the author breaks his rule of *nil admirandum.*

Some time during the decade following the Civil War, the number of city dwellers in the United States came to exceed the number of rural citizens, and the disparity has been increasing ever since. The cities have become the center of political gravity, warping the Jeffersonian pattern out of all semblance to itself. Yet the cities remain as dependent as ever upon the land and those who work it. The tempo of this change has been without precedent, because of modern technology and its attendant financialism. But the cycle itself is nothing new—neither are the frantic attempts to restore balance—two facts which do not get sufficient emphasis.

The greatest merit of the book is suggested by its title. The United States is a physical unit, and its economic and political life will never be healthy until that condition is recognized as a major premise. Somewhat more than half of its 1,940,000 acres is in farms; a little less than two-thirds of this farm acreage is in cultivation. But the fact remains that the United States is one vast farm, whose land use and management must be coördinated.

Considering the magnitude of this problem, the author might well have shown a little more tolerance to the many individuals and agencies, other than the Grange, who are attempting in good faith to help towards its solution. Whatever their sins and limitations, big business, the extension service, state and federal governments, and many private organizations, all are working mightily to improve the lot of agriculture. Henry Wallace and M. L. Wilson have had no choice but to operate through a bureaucracy; but they have consistently tried to encourage local responsibility and initiative as an end result.

The author displays an amazing industry in conference and reading. His lively journalistic style and sense of interest give force to his account of the bumptious nineteenth century and the breathless twentieth. The chronicle of personalities and events is, on the whole, authentic; beyond question it is interesting.

It can be made of permanent value if author and publisher can be induced to take the bugs out of it for a new edition. The tradition of big farm families did not begin in the forest clearings of the Ohio basin. The great migration from farm to city between 1916 and 1920 was not based upon the fact that heads of industry, being farm-reared, gave preference to farm workers. Neither maize, nor any other hybrid plant, can be obtained by rubbing pollen against a stamen. Dirt is not soil. Chlorophyll does not come from the roots of plants.

The reviewer notes such defects, simply because he is in essential agreement with the author's general intent and does not want to see it clouded. If agriculture can be restored to the human status it deserves, and if democracy is to survive, we must have decentralization. I hope the author will not be too disappointed when he discovers that the bed for which he is searching has been warmed by others, including a few professors.

—*From "Saltwater Farm"*

The Far Northwest Frontier

JOHNNY PAINTER. By Anita Pettibone. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

THIS is a queer sort of book. It begins with a rush of good, wholesome, melodramatic folk narrative, with the setting the country adjacent to the Columbia River in the period of the Civil War—a period when Washington and Oregon were frontier areas, and the local people were living under circumstances almost identical with those known by their ancestors who had progressed down the valley of the Ohio to settle Kentucky and the Middle West, as comprised in the original Northwest Territory. Johnny, himself, is a very live character. He happens right before your eyes. So does J. B., his father, who was a natural, and came to an unhappy end. And his mother, who was one of those women the dramatists of the Far West don't like to spend too much attention on. But she's real just the same. You can understand that there must have been many like her.

Runner Shook, the villain of the piece, comes alive, too, as fantastic as he is. But I can't say the same for the Widow Iff, who could never get Runner Shook out of her hair, and was responsible for most of the hardships suffered by Johnny. She just seems to be one of those characters a novelist invents for purposes of motivation—the way it's done in Hollywood. But most of the rest of the people in Anita Pettibone's fast-paced story are all understandable, both the important ones and the unimportant ones. They fit into the picture. They have a reason for being. At the same time, the last half of the story doesn't have quite the veracity of the opening chapters. Black Eklund, the Sheriff, seems real; but his like has been depicted by many other writers of Westerns. And the description of the fire which wiped out Blue City, and how the townspeople rallied to its challenge, that is in the right tradition. But I suppose the best bit of technical recreation of what the frontier West was like is the description of the packing trip Johnny made to recoup his fortunes and procure the wheat ranch he and Nancy had set their hearts on.

If this story could have been a lot better, still it is far superior to most of the attempts that have been made to bring us to appreciation of the diverse types who made the Far Northwest what it has become. It rings true. Most of it could have happened.

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The Spreading Branches of Science

A SHORTER HISTORY OF SCIENCE. By Sir William Cecil Dampier. New York: 1944. 189 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THE history of science is part of general history—a record of struggle in understanding the universe and in controlling and hence changing the environment. We begin with the medicine man, the priest, the prophet, and the seer, and we end, for the time being, with theoretical physicists of the Einstein-Bohr-Eddington type and with a new conception of the universe. Thousands of first-rate intellects and practical experimenters and observers play their part in the development of science, and their number includes geographers and explorers, alchemists and astrologers, physicians and zoölogists, philosophers and mathematicians. All these men helped to substitute exact knowledge for guessing and speculation and to destroy uncertainty, with uncertainty now reigning supreme in atomic physics.

As the number of its votaries increases science has become more and more specialized, so that old branches of science are now split up. Where we once had only geology, we now have geophysics and geochemistry. Where once astronomy embraced everything that an observer of the heavens was supposed to know, we now have astrophysicists and cosmology; where once we had only medicine, we now have a hundred branches devoted to small areas of the body and the mind.

In view of all this we need a review of scientific thought. There are many such reviews. Sir William Dempier himself supplied one of the best some years ago. This volume is a more compact consideration of the ground there covered. As such it is one of the most convenient chronicles and interpretations that we have. In no way a synthesis in the Lucretian sense of being an interwoven "De Rerum Natura" it does give the reader an impression of science as a whole, and this because underlying all the sciences is one method—the method of objective inquiry, the method of experimentation and observation, and the suppression of prejudice and personal emotions so far as possible.

Though Sir William induges in but little social or philosophical thinking his little history is bound to raise questions in the reader's mind and stimulate thought. That reader will rid himself of the notion that Faraday or Newton was a greater figure than Descartes and discover that scientists invariably concern themselves with the problems characteristic of their periods. Hence there is a shifting of focus as the centuries flow on. Thus what began in the early days of this century with a scrutiny of the logic of mathematics and a study of the method of science has ended for the time being in a questioning of science itself. All this can be read between the lines of Sir William's book, but this reviewer wishes that it had been more explicitly stated. A chronicle, however good, needs elucidation in order to drive home the meaning of the progression that it unfolds. But there is no doubt that Sir William has presented us with the material for such an elucidation. Beginning on a single front as one study, science has split itself into a succession of specialized sectors. As we have said, these need integration, and a history of this type is as good a way as any of preparing the ground for that integration. Sir William has set out the general principles, the regularities in theory and accomplishment that have manifested themselves in each sector and exposed them in sufficient detail for the general reader. The great men who have each in their day given their specialties a new impetus are all there. So science stands revealed historically in all its phases. We see it beginning as a struggle to emancipate natural law from mystical dogma (subjective fears and emotional desires) until the end of the early seventeenth century; we see it more or less emancipated in the Newtonian period with the enthronement of mechanism; today we have a complete break which has undermined the mechanical approach and cast out law and order, cause and effect. At this point Sir William necessarily must end his history.

It is no mean achievement to range over all the sciences from astronomy to chemistry, from alchemy to physics, from medicine to psychology through the centuries. This book testifies to an enormous erudition. The wonder is that Sir William has managed to pack so much into 189 pages and to do it in so readable a fashion.

Neighbor Maud's Great-Great Uncle

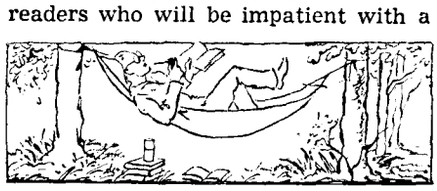
COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. With decorations by Hildegard Woodward. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 181 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALAN DEVOE

IN a day when our books are largely concerned with violent events, violently told, and with gigantic themes of global rearrangement, here comes a book of country quietness, leisurely and serene, concerned with no huger world than Elizabeth Coatsworth's countryside in Maine. It is a book of thoughtful, gentle talk about country fairs and cows, about the quirky lives and legends of the neighborfolk, about fishing and churning and berrying and how the heifer at Roundtop Farms got killed by lightning. The war is not here, except in a stray sentence, a wisp of allusion. The V-2, so to speak, has not been invented. At the Beston-Coatsworth farm, on Hill's Neck amid the hayfields, the eye is still alert to the doings of chipmunks, the ear still tuned to weather-saws and country gossip, the mind still fixed on the county fair and the weekly newspaper.

Conceivably there may be a few readers who will be impatient with a book which, in this desperate and deranged hour, is thus gentle, unportentous, and lovingly local. What kind of time is this for a fond little essay about the farmer who wouldn't buy a steer born on Friday? What kind of time is this for a meditation, however subtle and sensitive, about the "feelings" of a farmhouse? To any such objectors (who are, one hopes, only hypothetical), Miss Coatsworth has addressed, toward the end of her book, an anticipatory answer. Why a book like this in a time like this? Well . . .

> It seemed to me that a gathering of many stories from one focus has a certain value in giving the emotional background of a locality. And if Americans are to become really at home in America, it must be through the devotion of many people for many small, deeply loved places.



So here is the tale, deft and delicate in the telling, of neighbor Maud's great-great-uncle, the hunchback; and here is the story of how Grace's pregnant niece was frightened by a mouse and bore a baby with a mouse-mark; and here is a neighborhood's hunting and fishing and plowing and cooking and yarn-spinning. No, the war isn't in it very much. But Elizabeth Coatsworth's heart is in it; and an essential America is in it; and a great grace. There results a lovely book, wise and whimsical, worth an easy dozen of the slovenly "timely" books now rushing through best-sellerdom toward oblivion.

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WAITING—FOR WHAT?

THERE is a grotesque lack of urgency in too much of the writing and thinking today on the subject of planning for a peace that will stick. We are referring to the fairly prevalent notion that the most we can hope to do after this war is to postpone the next one for thirty years or so. Frequently related to this is the idea that there may have to be a few more wars before man can finally outgrow international murder or get it out of his system. Presumably, if only we wait long enough, war will solve itself.

This unhurried and semi-scholarly approach to war has all the dangers of its charms. It makes it too easy for us to slide into an attitude of philosophic resignation about the future. Why get excited or expend any energy over the problems of lasting peace if a few more wars are inevitable anyway? An easy chair becomes a private Mt. Olympus and we contemplate the future of mankind; there spreads before us a Homeric panorama with vast ups and downs which, for all their volcanic changes, are nevertheless part of an inexorable pattern. Naturally, the inexorable is beyond the power of any individual. Why try to affect the pattern? Why, indeed?

But an even greater fallacy is the assumption that we can afford the luxury of several more wars. It should be no secret that the next war, if it comes, will be global suicide. In that sense, it *will* be the last war. The prospect, after such a war, of being able to muster up enough men, material, and morale, in anticipation of another war, is scientifically nonexistent. This is no Sunday supplement scare; the cold, mechanical truth is that the destruction of humanity is now close to a mathematical formula. Many parts of the equation have already been worked out in this war; the others are even now taking shape in the experimental laboratories of the world. Why should we suppose that the techniques of destruction have now reached their peak and that warfare cannot possibly be any worse? After the war between Rome and Carthage, people were convinced that organized warfare had reached the ultimate in horror and sheer destructiveness. After the Napoleonic wars, and even after World War I, people were still toying with the same illusion. But war is like a geometric progression where the successive numbers soon get completely beyond human control or comprehension.

Consider the progression as it concerns a coming war—a war that is supposed to be just another in a series of kinks that man must work out of his muscles before he can enjoy the unrestricted use of his limbs. It will not be a war with armies in the field as it is today, anymore than the trench warfare of World War I has been carried over to the present. It will be a war of national populations ranged against each other. It will be a war operated by means of push-buttons and levers, releasing and directing armadas of high detonation through the sky. It will be a canopy of death making the present V1 and V2 robombs and rocketbombs seem like flimsy kites alongside B29 Superfortresses. There will be switchboards of annihilation, with one button for a large city such as Detroit, and another for New York, and so forth. It will not be a long war, because when all the buttons are pushed and all the levers are pulled—and the moment it starts each nation will run to its own switchboard—that will be the end of everything, literally, figuratively, definitively.

We are not speculating. If this sounds like a nightmare, try to visualize just one thing: the mass production of the robomb or the rocketbomb. Forget everything else. Forget the buttons and the levers and the switchboard. Consider only mass production applied to robombs. Why should it be any more difficult to turn out hundreds of thousands of robombs than it is to turn out hundreds of thousands of planes?

We say this not by way of scaremongering, but because we are appalled to find people still reflecting leisurely about means by which the next war might be put off, or feigning a philosophy of acceptance of the inevitable, by which they mean a few more wars as part of a more-or-less normal evolution of civilization. But at this particular time in history, it is no longer possible to make peace on the installment plan. We must play for keeps this time—or else. If we bring anything less than this to bear at the peace table, we bring futility.

What we should like to see after this war, as part of a collaborative international program of education, is a traveling exhibit that will acquaint the peoples of the world with some factual information concerning what a new war would be like. The exhibit would attempt to report, simply and factually, what science is like during the twentieth century—its potential for omnipotent demolition and extinction, and alongside that, its potential for better living.

The people would draw their own inferences. The biggest of these, we believe, is that unless the new international controls are as correspondingly great as the switchboards of war, then that new war becomes inevitable. But such controls would also require an organization of nations far beyond anything that has been suggested or even hinted at in any of the official conferences. This is not by way of disparaging the world's political leaders. World citizenship cannot be handed down from the top. It will radiate from humanity itself or not at all.

N. C.

To My Brothers Everywhere

By Elias Lieberman

TEST me not for shibboleth;
Like a king, anointed, ermined,
I was born into a faith
And my skin was predetermined.

Bearing burdens on my back
You will find me everywhere;
Tropic suns have turned me black,
Northern winds have bleached me fair.

But the heart within me beats
Just like yours in utter blindness
To the rhythm of the streets
To an act of hate or kindness.

Though my house be paradise,
Every wall is made of glass;
May the question in my eyes
Brush your spirit as I pass.

By the sacrament of pain
Men must share with one another,
By the hopes we nursed in vain
You will know me, O my brother.

Erratum

The Anisfield-Wolf Awards announced last week were established by Mrs. Edith A. Wolf, in memory of her father Mr. John Anisfield, and her late husband, Mr. Eugene E. Wolf. By regrettable error, Mr. Wolf's name was printed as Mr. Eugene P. Wolf.

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"Letters to the Editor"

SIR: For years *The Saturday Review of Literature* has printed on its Letters to the Editor page communications which read something like this:

> SIR: I am writing a book upon Sir Wendall Walsh, first governor of New Delhi, Maine, and should appreciate any unpublished letters by Sir Wendall or to him which your readers would care to send me. Such material will be copied and returned promptly. I am especially eager to have correspondence between August 1, 1732 and August 11, 1732, but this eagerness by no means precludes that for correspondence of other periods.
>
> GEORGIANNE HALE GALBRAITH.
> Bankson College,
> Old Delhi, Maine.

In recent years these missives have been captioned "Information, Please." But not once, in reading many such communications in *The Saturday Review* and other periodicals, have I ever encountered an author-to-be who offered to pay the freight both ways. Apparently the method works, for *The Saturday Review* prints at least one such tidbit each week, usually at the end of the letters page so it can be omitted if an advertisement or a more important letter comes in unexpectedly. Some English Ph.D. might spend ten of the post-war years when they arrive in making a study of this phenomenon in American literary manners, beginning by sending letters to every one of *The Saturday Review's* correspondents of this sort who was printed in a particular year. He might find out how many, if any, of these proposed books become realities.

I am sure that one did because Silas Bent sent out such a letter one time and I sent him some data for the new book. He was very grateful and remembered me in the preface. It was all spoiled later, however, because I was asked to review the volume and, finding much of it to my distaste, felt bound to say so. I've never heard from him since.

But it was the method that interested me from the beginning. I decided that, if authors can obtain all this assistance more or less free, plain citizens should not hesitate to imitate the scheme in other areas. So I composed a number of letters. Only one brought results, as we shall see later. The first I sent to the *Friday Review of Films,* heading it "Reels, Please." It read:

> SIR: I am interested in learning more about Bali and should appreciate any unused reels your readers may have around the house. Such material will be examined promptly. While my major interest is in that region of the world, this eagerness by no means precludes interest in all other kinds of films.

For some reason the editor of the *Friday Review* did not print this.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Thinking there probably had not been room, especially since the *Friday Review* does not have a letters column, I tried another plan. The next letter went to the *Thursday Review of the Theatre,* suggested that the critic-readers of that periodical let me examine their press passes or press tickets. Although this was not printed, either, I did receive an old police press card issued to the *Boston Transcript* in 1910. Apparently this came from the editor of the magazine, who hadn't had the heart to throw it away when he got a new one in 1911.

Neither was there response of any importance from the *Wednesday Review of Wines* or the *Tuesday Review of Tobaccoes.* But my next attempt brought significant results. I sent it to the *Monday Review of Monetary Methods,* captioning it "Money, Please." It went like this:

> SIR: I am preparing an exhibit of American currency, and should appreciate any specimens of paper or metal money of the United States of any date not in use by your readers and which they care to send me. Such material will be copied and returned promptly. I am especially eager to see bills of denominations from $100 to $10,000, but this eagerness by no means precludes that for money of any amount.

This, for some reason, was greatly misunderstood and as a result I now am receiving *The Saturday Review of Literature* in a cell at Waupun Penitentiary in Wisconsin, where I am on Tier 3. I notice that *The Saturday Review* still publishes those letters from authors.

Please don't believe all this, but I think you get the idea.

R. E. W.

Evanston, Illinois.

"What Can the Jew Do?"

SIR: Your "What Can the Jew Do?" is a magnificent article, and the decent half of the world should thank you for it. Aside from its power and beauty as a piece of writing, it stands, I should say, as the finest presentation of this terrible subject that has yet been made.

In my goings up and down through our country I am appalled by the mounting hatred—systematically engineered—against the Jewish race. How those haters can presume to set themselves up as superior to the Germans is one of the major mysteries.

A few months ago, in the Grand Central station, as I stepped into a telephone booth, I was followed by a man who claimed a priority on the booth and tried to oust me. Not succeeding, he fixed me with a baleful stare and said, "You are behaving exactly like a Jew." "And am one, for all you know," I answered—a singularly inept reply, as I now realize. He glared again, said "You probably are," and took himself off. Only an incident, I knew, but my heart sank. What are we going to do?

But I, for one, am not in despair. There are rank elements in our American mixture, and yet you and I both know that there is also the yeast of common sense and common decency. If we can keep that working, the loaf will be saved—even the haters themselves saved *from* themselves. And to

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Should

teachers be allowed complete freedom when speaking as authorities on their subjects?

Does

our educational system train men to collect information rather than to think?

Are

young teachers better teachers?

Should

children be allowed to read anything they wish?

Is

there such a thing as a non-mathematical mind?

Can

teachers be friends on an equal footing with their students?

Should

scholarship be the main qualification in choosing a teacher?

Are

social studies, education courses, questionnaires and intelligence tests worthwhile?

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NANCY BYRD TURNER.
Ashland, Virginia.

Mr. Cerf Stands Pat

SIR: I am grateful to the zealous readers of the *SRL* who point out the fact that there is a law forbidding the importation of Tauchnitz editions to England. I am well aware of this. The fact remains, however, that Miss Ferber and I saw with our own eyes a stack of at least 500 Tauchnitz books for public sale in the waiting room of the Plymouth dock one day in June, 1932, and that at least twenty-five of these books were copies of Miss Ferber's "American Beauty."

We have a law here in America too, you may remember, which prohibits the importation of English books that have been copyrighted in this country. This has never stopped American booksellers, however, from importing hundreds of copies of first English editions of writers like Huxley, Maugham, Shaw, and, in earlier days, Galsworthy and Michael Arlen for resale at fancy prices to collectors who went in for that sort of thing. I remember one day when one New York bookseller received a shipment of five hundred copies of Arlen's "The Green Hat." Mr. George Doran thought that this was carrying matters just a little too far. He had a truck backed up to the bookseller's place of business and confiscated the whole lot.

There was a law against drinking in this country for a while too.

BENNETT CERF.
New York City

"Piccalilli on the Vernacular"

SIR: Mr. Horace Reynolds's "Piccalilli on the Vernacular" arouses memories of certain phrases so continuously used in the Southwest (Oklahoma) as to be the despair of all schoolteachers and other precisionists. Consider: *"Even if I could of knew, I wouldn't of got to gone."*

There was also the characteristic use (shared with Texas and Arkansas but *not* with Kansas) of "sure." *"I sure did!"* and *"Sure nuff?"*

Fortunately, most people *wrote* more correctly than they *spoke*. I once asked a student of mine why he always said "You *was*" when he never wrote it. He replied, "Why, Miss B—, the boys would think I was highbrow!" Inverted snobbery, see?

I say "fortunately" because I do believe that slovenliness in speech and writing leads in the end to slovenliness in thinking. Also, the divorce of the way you speak from the way you write too often makes you write pedantically. The problem is to keep the easy and picturesque quality of the vernacular vocabulary within the precision and clarity of grammatical form. (*Gimminy, what a sentence!*" to quote *Stalky.*) And it *sure does* complicate the marking of Freshman themes!

MISS BROOKE JONES.
New York, N. Y.

The Genesis of "Lousy"

SIR: Greetings to Jasper B. Sinclair of San Francisco, but let him not, in *SRL* letters, Feb. 3, attribute so late a date as 1690 to "lousy." At the latest, 1390. I've not looked it up, and I suspect a much earlier date would be correct, but at least see Chaucer's Freres Tale: "A lousy jogelour can deceyve thee."

G. W. BARNES.
New York, N. Y.

Controversy for Controversy's Sake

SIR: If it were not for my friend Howard Mumford Jones's aversion to controversy [*SRL,* February 10], I should be tempted to start a controversy with him about controversies. When I don't find them edifying, I find them amusing, to a ring-sider at a safe distance. And amusement is worth some paper.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.
Cambridge, Mass.

Getting the Maximum Out of "De Minimis"

SIR: On page 18 of your February 10 issue, you again published an item under the title "De Minimis."

Mr. John W. Willis takes to task Dr. Ernest Fuld and with an apparently tremendous superiority complex writes that "as any law student knows" the quotation is "De minimis non curat lex."

May I add to the controversy by stating that when I was studying law at the University of Brussels, Belgium, I always heard and read that the quotation was "De minimis non curat praetor." With modesty, I merely forward this information for the record.

RICHARD ZONDERVAN, LL.D.
New York, N. Y.

Another Werner Richter

SIR: Since I have a historical study in preparation myself, I would like to state that I am not the author of the recently published book "Re-educating Germany," by Mr. Werner Richter. We only happen to share our names.

WERNER RICHTER.
Former Chief Correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt.*
New York 25, N. Y.

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Exploits of Sun Tzu

THE ART OF WAR. By Sun Tzu Wu. Translated from the Chinese by Lionel Giles. Harrisburg: The Military Service Publishing Co. 1944. 99 *pp* $1.

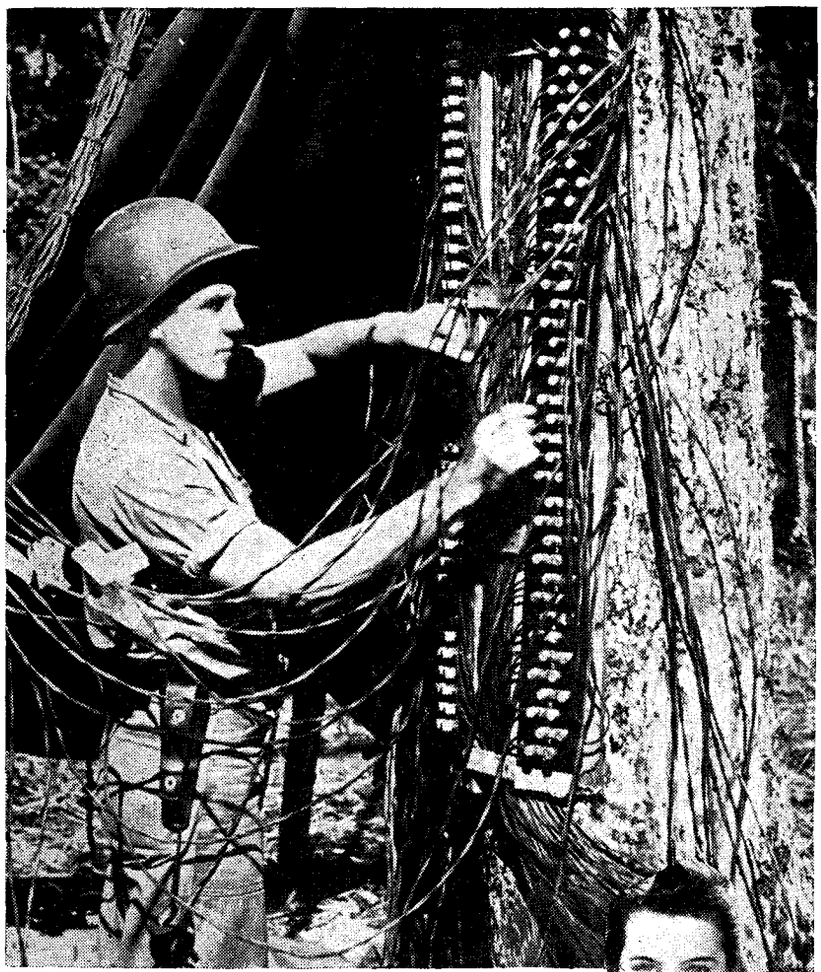
Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

SUN TZU was a military genius, at all events with the pen if not with the sword. His exploits on the battlefield, if any, are lost to posterity, but his writings, dating from about 500 B.C., are an epitome of military principles. How, when or where he put these conceptions of warfare into practice is entirely unknown. But in a few pages he compresses ideas of strategy and even grand strategy which have astonishing applicability today. For example his first words are, unfortunately, as true today as they were over 2,400 years ago: "The art of war is of vital importance to the state. It is a matter of life and death, a road either to safety or to ruin. Hence it is a subject of inquiry which can on no account be neglected."

In nearly all our past as a nation we have tried the system of neglecting this art, as a means of avoiding war. It hasn't worked very well. Perhaps Sun Tzu's first aphorism may meet with greater response from the intelligent people of this country when our current war is over. For good measure it is worth while including in this review another dictum of this keen observer for use in contemplating our own post-war military policy. This comment on the ounce of prevention is worth close attention: "The art of war teaches us to rely not on the likelihood of the enemy not coming, but on our own readiness to receive him; not on the chance of his not attacking, but rather on the fact that we have made our position unassailable."

Is it possible that a Chinese soldier so many centuries ago could devise ways and means of conducting war that are still good today? Consider these: "Supreme excellence consists in breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting." "Rapidity is the essence of war." And also "that general is skillful in attack whose opponent does not know what to defend." Would it be possible to summarize in fewer words the principles that resulted in the almost bloodless German victory over France in 1940?

Sun Tzu is of interest to the soldier and to the antiquarian. He is also not without influence in Chinese literature. The reader of this little book will be helped by the introduction and notes prepared by General Phillips to elucidate the oldest military treatise in the world.



U. S. Marine setting up telephone switchboard "somewhere in the Pacific"

If only switchboards grew on trees!

The girl in the telephone Business Office—thousands have come to know her courtesy and desire to help.

That would make things a lot easier for our fighting men, for us, and for every one who is waiting for a home telephone.

But switchboards and telephones and electronic equipment of many kinds must still be made by telephone factories for the armed forces.

Your patience in this emergency makes us eager to take care of your home telephone needs just as soon as possible.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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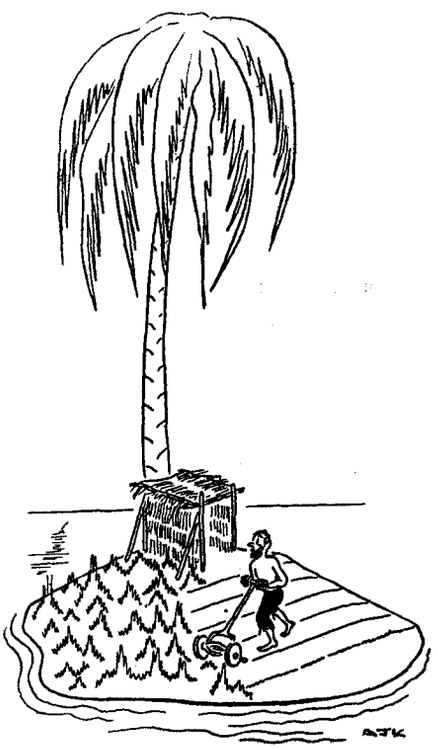
TRADE Winds

IT IS POSSIBLE that a few of the selfsame Nazi hooligans who had participated in the infamous Berlin "Burning of the Books" were cowering in the cellars of a liberated Dutch town called Maastricht a few weeks ago while a book-burning of a very different sort was celebrated. This time it was Dutch boys and girls who collected the books and threw them into the flames, while the town's entire population stood by and cheered. This time the books were Nazi texts that the schoolteachers had been compelled to use—Hitlerian distortions of history, geography, and ethnology. Not one of the books is left—but how long will it take to burn out the ideas they planted in adolescent minds? . . .

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME in Farrar and Rinehart's superb Rivers of America Series is Anne Fisher's "The Salinas," the California stream called sometimes "Upside Down River" because it flows northward. Famous authors who live on or near its banks include John Steinbeck, Robinson Jeffers, Martin Flavin, and (until their deaths) Lincoln Steffens and Erskine Scott Wood. . . . Ted Lawson, hero of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," is out of the Air Force. He and a friend named Bentley have bought out the C. and L. Tooling Company in West Los Angeles, and are open for business. . . . The Blue Network is changing its name to the American Broadcasting Company. And NBC's New York Station WEAF, according to an insider, is about to be rechristened WNBC. The story goes that it wanted this symbol from the start, but it had been preempted by the local outlet in New Britain, Connecticut, which refused to relinquish it. The purchase of the latter by Hartford radio interests cleared the way for a renewal of negotiations. WNBC is planning a $75,000 campaign to acquaint the public with its new name. . . .

ROSEMARY SPRAGUE, in charge of children's books at Halle's in Cleveland, was approached on a busy Saturday afternoon by a little girl clutching a tiny red purse who selected a number of books for herself, and inquired the price. Told that the bill came to $3.61, she emptied her purse on the counter. Out tumbled three tattered paper dollars, a broken comb, a few pieces of candy, two jacks, and another dollar in small change. "Divide it among you," she announced grandly, and sallied forth with her books pressed close to her chest. . . . Will Hall, the only living gaucho with a Harvard accent, writes from Buenos aires: "A definition in Adams's 'Western Words: A Dictionary of the Range' is evidence that booksellers aren't the only caballeros who break publication dates. 'Sooners,' it appears, are gents who go out on the range and brand cattle before the date set by the official roundup association." . . .

THE FINEST MOTION PICTURE I have seen this month is the British technicolor production of "Colonel Blimp," developed from the famous cartoons of David Low into an enthralling characterization of an English gentleman and officer. Roger Livesey and Anton Walbrook are nothing short of wonderful in this picture, and the heroine, a beautiful girl named Deborah Kerr, is undoubtedly destined for a fabulous career in Hollywood. . . . The screen versions of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "National Velvet," and Fred Allen's hilarious "It's in the Bag," are also "must" items on any film-lover's list. . . . On the other hand, the highly-touted "I'll Be Seeing You" and "A Song to Remember" belong definitely in the "take-it-or-leave-it" category. "A Song to Remember," allegedly based on the life of Chopin, is devoted largely to a fantastic and unexpected exhibition of scenery-chewing by Paul Muni. Cornel Wilde plays Chopin engagingly on the screen, and Iturbi plays his music rapturously off-stage. I must admit that, one day in a swirling snowstorm, a line at Radio City, waiting to see this picture, stretched clear around the block. . . . The problem of getting to Radio City, or any other place in the theatrical district, grows more difficult daily. One bejeweled and ermine-coated dowager, opera bound, despaired of getting a taxi, and condescended to travel by BMT. As she swayed on a strap, she remarked loudly to her escort, "This is the first time I've been on this smelly subway in twenty years." An old man seated near her informed her gravely, "Lady, we've missed you!" . . .



CITIZENS OF GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, are raising a fund to purchase the house in which Carl Sandburg was born. They plan to turn it into a public shrine, and fill it with books, pictures, and manuscripts connected with Sandburg and Lincoln. Hazel Duncan relates that Sandburg once drove with a Tennessee hillbilly over a narrow, hazardous mountain road. "Hilly, isn't it?" said Sandburg. "It ain't the hills," replied the native. "It's the hollers." . . . Clare Talbot, of Brentano's in Los Angeles, is preparing a volume on booksellers' bookplates, and will welcome pertinent communications. . . . The manuscript of Sumner Welles's next book, says Harper's, should be completed this summer. It will be about Latin America, and the all-important efforts of our own Government to achieve unity and mutual understanding in the Western hemisphere. Mr. Welles's chapters on the Argentine are awaited with particular interest. . . . Morrow announces that, in spite of paper restrictions, Erle Stanley Gardner set "a new world's record for the sale of books, with 4,903,685 copies of his mysteries sold in the U.S.A. and Canada in 1944." An Erle Gardner Contest (Morrow's Gardner of Purses) has just opened, in which $1000 in war bonds is offered to bookseller sleuths for the best answers to a series of eight questions based on Gardner's books and his career. . . .

TED PRATT'S new novel, "Miss Dilly Says No," concerns a unique, strong-minded young lady who refuses to peddle her best-selling novel to Hollywood. "I myself have turned down an offer from pictures for 'The Barefoot Mailman,'" writes Pratt. "I had two main reasons: 1. Not enough money. 2. It will be just as good a story twenty years from now, and I want some insurance against what is termed the future. I don't say there is any connection between this and 'Miss Dilly,' but there might be. Anyhow, I hope the book will be regarded as different from the product of most disgruntled authors who go to Hollywood; I am not disgruntled at all, but tremendously inter-

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"Put down that book, Junior, and help your father prepare for his civil service examination."

ested and amused, and hope the spirit all around is one of fun." . . .

CARLYN COFFIN knows a professor of Greek who tore his suit and took it to a tailor named Acidopolus, from Athens. Mr. Acidopolus examined the suit, and asked, "Euripides?" "Yes," said the professor. "Eumenides." . . . Description of a cow followed by a couple of ducks: milk and quackers. . . . A publisher told his new secretary to indicate the zone when she typed envelopes. When he signed his mail that evening, he found that all of it was addressed "Temperate Zone." . . . The same publisher had the same secretary on his lap the next afternoon when his wife made an unheralded appearance. The publisher gulped, but with magnificent presence of mind, said, "And take this wire: 'Atlas Furniture Company: I don't want to hear any more about war shortages. I simply cannot continue to maintain my office with only one chair.'" . . . Miriam Jordan reports that she saw the following inscription on a 500-year-old tombstone in England recently:

When pictures seem alive with movements free,
When ships like fishes swim beneath the sea,
When men, outstripping birds, shall scan the sky,
Then half the world deep drenched in blood shall be. . . .

IF IT ACCOMPLISHED nothing else, Noel Coward's unfortunate and thoughtless brush-off of Brooklyn has provided many columns of free publicity—all of it bad—for one Representative Dickstein, Manhattan Democrat. Learning that Coward was planning a visit to America on "important business," the intrepid legislator told the House, "I hope that it isn't the kind of business that will bring more slur (*sic*) upon our fighting men—the kind of business that will take additional millions of dollars out of this country for more of Noel Coward's writings." Busy little bee, Mr. Dickstein! . . . Speaking of bees, there's a story about two of them in a single hive falling madly in love with the same queen. One was a husky, bellicose bee, the other a spindly weakling. The latter, recognizing his disadvantage, began guzzling vitamin pills and doing setting-up exercises at a furious clip. Finally he challenged the big bruiser to mortal combat. The winner? The vitamin bee. . . .

PERSONAL NOTE to several hundred friends of Edgar Snow (including the Western Union messenger who awakened me at 2:35 A.M.): Ed is in Missouri, visiting relations. . . . Peggy Jones, of the People's Book Club, is now Mrs. Akin French. He's married an angel. . . . *The Chicago Sun's* A. C. Spectorsky is trying to persuade a leading Boston publisher to open a post-war branch in the Polynesian islands. Its slogan, he feels, can't miss: "Little, Brown books for little brown men."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

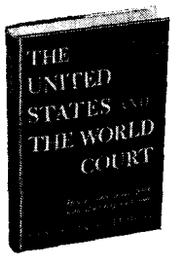
BYRNES PUTS MAN IN MOON TO BED!

GAZING into the coal shortage, Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes ordered a midnight curfew on all spots, which puts the nation's nightlife behind the eightball, and relegates EARL WILSON'S I AM GAZING INTO MY 8-BALL to the class of historical romance. MR. WILSON'S nightlife is in sharp contrast to his daylife. Bearing a close resemblance to the man in the moon, he spends his days in the relative privacy of his office in *The New York Post* down on lower West Street. Equally lonely buildings recede in the smoke of the Hudson's shipping, and whistles mourn howlfully, and here and there a stevedore—a far cry from the martinis and creamy thighs, and it gives him a balanced diet.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A FAR CRY too from nine generals who became President of the United States. If sound tracks of MR. GOEBEL could be issued with his book, GENERALS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by MR. and MRS. GOEBEL would become a best seller. JULIUS (have you heard the one about the traveling salesman) GOEBEL, JR. looks like a schnauzer puppy, drawls like Fred Allen, teaches like anything but the George Wellwood Murray Professor of Legal History he is. His energy is reflected in his dog who is partial to manuscripts and Manhattans, and it is only due to the diligence of MRS. GOEBEL that the dog was prevented from proofreading a whole set of galleys. From the windows of their apartment, the GOEBELS are watching 1948 for a tenth General President.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



IF THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD COURT sounds like a heavy dish, so do DENNA F. FLEMING'S five previous books on the same subject. But the problem of peace is a heavy dish and so is every problem vital to our future. We and a lot of other people think FLEMING is uniquely qualified to deal with the problem of why we fumbled in the first peace and how not to do it again. If there's a man who knows how to put the Senate in its place, it's FLEMING. I can only think of two thirds of 96 men who could possibly object to this book.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

WHEN WORDS FAIL

AMONG war's casualties words, especially words of farewell, must take their place. Since their meanings have never been more alive, these words cannot be listed among the dead.

It is among "the missing" that they belong. Among the missing because, although the dictionaries bulge with choices, they are not chosen when a separation is at hand which may be final. The fancy words seem tawdrier then than ever before. They curdle on the lips. The lovely words remain unused, suddenly bereft both of their power and beauty.

When the deepest emotions demand utterance, when one seeks for the proper summary of blissful years remembered in all the richness of their particularizing details, or for cheerful expressions of those future hopes upon which desperate mortals have no other choice than to feed, then it is that men and women are apt to be most mute. Then it is that they stammer and stutter. That in their wretchedness they reach for the simplest, most threadbare phrases, finding in them the comfort they would find in old friends.

"Goodbye," "Good luck," "Take care of yourself," "Write soon," or "Darling—oh darling, I love you so, remember that"—these are the station phrases, in everybody's ears, on everybody's lips. These, when sealed with the parting kiss, the final hungriest embrace, and the fight against tears, these are the world's farewells. They are words which find grief in uniform, too.

Perhaps everyone's reliance upon them is a proof of unconscious wisdom. Perhaps their very staleness is an admission that men and women know the things which touch them most are unsayable, that when the heart is fullest the mouth is apt to be emptiest, and that each love and grief, so special and so individual, had best be mute at the moment of separation, recognizing how common is every couple's woe.

If all partings among those devoted to one another are sorrowful, those in wartime are more sorrowful than most. They deepen in their anguish because they find the young and healthy, in the spring of their well-being, leaving here a world where death remains accidental for that world of war where death is intentional.

A husband and wife, a mother and son, or a young couple in love, tear the hearts of bystanders no less than their own at the moment of their cleavage. Equally poignant, because the more unphrasable, are the farewells between a father and son, two brothers, or men who have long been friends. These partings gain in poignancy not because the men, young or old, feel the more but because, by code and instinct, by the very nature of their relationship and their own natures, they are able to say less.

A man saying goodbye to a woman, a woman saying goodbye to a man or to another woman may be inarticulate at those moments which threaten to be final. Even so, they can negotiate more phrases than men can muster. At such times what men leave unsaid is almost invariably more eloquent than what they manage to get said.

The theatre has long recognized this. Some of its most moving scenes have been those in which men are tongue-tied at the moment of their parting. Often I have wondered whether this was not what Hamlet had in mind when, mortally wounded, and as the potent poison quite o'ercrowed his spirit, he looked up into his best friend's face to say, "The rest is silence."

Certainly as man to man Horatio could not have said to the living Hamlet those words he spoke to the dead Dane. "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" Death itself was required to unleash his grief and free him of his male embarrassment. The more manly, reticent, and inarticulate the men who must summon those phrases which at best are unutterable, the more moving the scenes in which they struggle to be spoken. Men are too manly to say at such moments what is uppermost in their minds and hearts. Hence it is that they resort either to the oldest stencils of speech or prattle on about everything except what they wish most that they could say.

When death is near, men step into the next world still vitally concerned with the trivia of this. That is part of their bravura, and a proof of their humanity. Even Socrates, when the hemlock's cold had reached his groin, took leave of his friends by saying, "I owe a cock to Asclepius; do not forget to pay it." Men cling to

John Lund and Richard Basehart in "The Hasty Heart."

mortal memories as they cross the threshold to immortality. Their talk runs at a tangent away from what is their chief concern. Dialogue written thus obliquely is apt to be more moving, because truer to reality, than all authors' speeches save those which soar to the sublime.

The English, being by habit no less than tradition a reticent people, find speech even more difficult than we do in the presence of partings and of death. Not because they could not discover the phrases. Because theirs is a deeper distrust of emotion.

Few will forget the parting in "Young Woodley" between Woodley and his friend at school. This was a touching example of grief compelling youth to anticipate what among adults is an everlasting problem. Almost everyone will remember in "Journey's End" the devastating effectiveness with which a group of British officers faced death courageously in a dug-out while avoiding it in conversation.

These unutterable farewells between men conspire to make "The Hasty Heart" * one of the most moving of the season's offerings. John Patrick's tragi-comedy of the war employs this theme with variations. Its scene is a British hospital at the Assam-Burma front. Its chief characters are wounded men —a Tommy, a New Zealander, a Yank, etc., to whom death is no new companion. Even so, they are asked to face it in a new way. They must combine its certain coming with the illusion of continued life.

Into their ward is brought a Scotsman, seemingly healthy, but doomed to die. He is a young man who, after a battle, has had to have one kidney removed. The surgeon believing him a cure, has discovered that his other kid-

THE HASTY HEART by John Patrick. Presented by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Directed by Bretaigne Windust. Setting by Raymond Sovey. With Francis Nielsen, John Lund, John Campbell, Victor Chapin, Earl Jones, Douglas Chandler, Anne Burr, J. Colville Dunn, Richard Basehart. At the Hudson.

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ney will collapse within a matter of weeks. Although the young Scot has no knowledge of the nearness of his death, the convalescents among whom he is sent have been told the unrelenting details of his case. Their job is to cheer him up, even when they know his days are numbered.

It is not an easy assignment. It never would be. It never could be. It is a task to require all the tact and courage that men can muster. It is made the more difficult because the Scot in question is a youngster who, though attractive, is friendless, distrustful, and violently anti-social. He has been hard-used by life. And no less hard-used by the war. He is a person as easy to get along with as John Knox and Thomas Carlyle rolled into one.

Mr. Patrick's is the story of how a valiant nurse and a no less valiant group of inarticulate men manage, in spite of all insults and obstacles, to win the trust and affection of this forbidding Scot. As theatre Mr. Patrick's play is undeniably irresistible. Although it may hit below the waistline supporting its kilt, the point is that it hits many times, and always with effect.

Its moods may waver between straight Music Hall gagging and genuine endeavors to express those embarrassed tendernesses and those brutal sorrows which are the commonplaces of every serviceman's living. At least its humor is employed to underscore and heighten its pathos. It possesses this relevance and this excuse. "The Hasty Heart" is, moreover, well produced, well set, and well acted. It is especially well played by Richard Basehart as the infuriating Highlander, and by John Lund as the patient Yank whose patience finally fades.

Although the young Scot unquestionably is more grease-paint than authentic thistle, the play that is built around him wins belief. Not because one believes in him. Not because, as an individual, he does not remain suspect from his first entrance to his last. But because Mr. Patrick's script deals, however theatrically, with emotions as human as they are poignantly male.

His drama may be merciless in its tugs at our sympathies. At moments it may sound as if it were the work of a baritone Barrie; indeed, as if a group of stricken young men instead of the old lady were showing their medals. Yet, in spite of its shortcomings as literature, "The Hasty Heart" does what it sets out to do behind the footlights. It is more than sentimental. However it overstates them, its basic concern is those emotions which, especially among men in wartime, resist statement. This is the source of its truth no less than of its effectiveness. This is why it reaches the hearts of those who sit before it.

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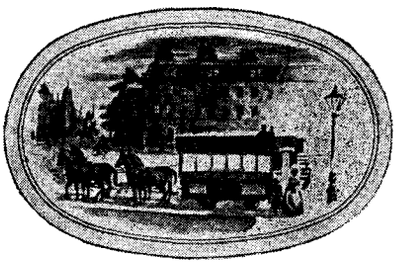

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Record of the Mind's Weather

THE JOURNAL OF MARY HERVEY RUSSELL. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HOLDEN

MARY HERVEY RUSSELL is Storm Jameson's leading fictional character, the granddaughter of Mary Hervey of "The Lovely Ship" and the daughter of Sylvia Russell of "The Captain's Wife." This is her journal—not, in the commonly accepted sense of the word, a diary of daily transactions and events, but a record of the mind's weather, a mingling of memory and immediate impression, of reflection and forecast. It is the attempt of an acutely sensitive and profoundly perceptive personality to detach itself from the purely personal, to see itself plain. The author's identification of herself with Mary Hervey Russell becomes apparent before the reader has gone very far. The fictional character is more or less frankly the vehicle for Miss Jameson's own ideas and opinions, her diagnoses of certain trends of art and life.

There is no narrative, as such; what we learn of Mary Hervey Russell's background and present circumstances, of her family and her personal concerns in the war, we learn almost casually, as if she expected us to know already, as if she were writing for herself alone and didn't have to bother with explaining. The entries are mostly undated, places are unspecified, and the chronology is distinctly perplexing. The period the journal covers for the main part is the period between two wars, during which time Mary Hervey Russell, intellectual, author, head of the P.E.N. (an organization of writers with international affiliations), travels about Europe and sees, inescapably, the shadow of war and the complete ineffectuality of honor and idealism against power politics and corruption in high places. At home in England she sees "catastrophe coming towards us behind the idiot mask of Sir John Neville Hoare"; she talks with statesmen and diplomats from other European countries and is aghast at the shallowness and depravity which she finds. She subjects herself to torturing analysis, groping back into her youth to seek out the seeds of what appear to her her own hypocrisy and personal policy of appeasement.

Storm Jameson

She strives to clear her mind of the quarrel which goes on inside it, ranging her terms in order, making her choice. At first a pacifist, as were many of that intellectual group, she says:

> Is it true, that except by the unhearing, unseeing, the falsely romantic, the morally or sensually perverted, or the interested, wars are recognized to be cruel, wasteful, deeply useless? Is it true that the commonly sensible and intelligent man does not want to become part of a machine for slaughtering men? . . . It is all true. . . . Pacifism is easy when you keep your gaze on war. Shift your gaze a little to one side, to Dachau and the schools where children's tender skulls are hardened to deny gentleness and freedom . . . and it is no longer easy, or possible, to remain a pacifist.

"The Journal of Mary Hervey Russell" is not easy reading. The literary style, notwithstanding the clarity of sensuous images and the perfection of its phrase, is often excessively cerebral. Parts of the book, too, seem curiously unrelated. Mary Hervey Russell turns from analysis of the mother complex which dominated her childhood and is still at work in the woman, to a discussion of abstract art; she interpolates character studies which might be parts of a novel, bits of observation, an imaginary conversation between a dead soldier of the past war and a living one of the present on the state of modern poetry; descriptions of cave drawings and French tapestries; random impressions. Much of the writing is extremely subjective and obscure. The book is really a psychological study, the desperately sincere and painful record of a highly sensitive personality, acutely aware of the trouble of its times and its own obligations, self-condemnatory to the point of spiritual flagellation. Because of its highly esoteric quality it will not have a wide appeal, but Miss Jameson's many admirers will find it profoundly moving and intellectually provocative.

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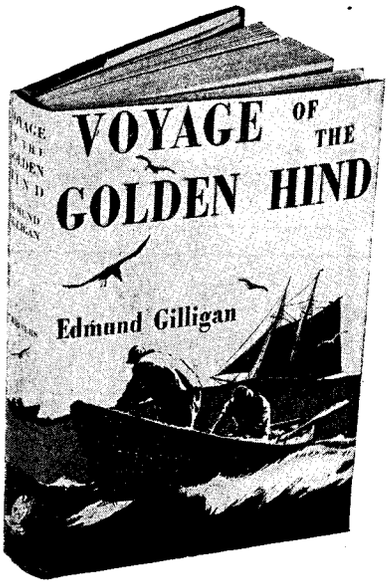

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THE RETURN OF HENRY JAMES

(Continued from page 8)

Portrait of a Lady" (and for special reasons "The Turn of the Screw") only to bog down in "the major phase" because they are looking for the development of non-Jamesian characteristics.

This experience is so widely shared as to suggest that the appreciation of James is to a greater degree than that of any other modern writer a matter of temperament—a suggestion enforced by another curious circumstance, namely, a similarity of tone running through nearly all writing about James, a similarity involving the tendency of James's critics to take on some of his own color. James is notoriously easy to parody; he is, indeed, difficult not to imitate, particularly when one has just been reading him. This intensity of James's influence, particularly on critics, makes it easy to overestimate its extent on novelists. A few examples are sufficiently obvious where later novelists have shown an awareness of technique and style in a way that associates them with James. They are surprisingly few, considering the volume and articulateness of James's prefaces. A list of important novelists who have not been influenced by James would be at least ten times longer than a list of those who demonstrably have. Virginia Woolf is one of the obvious examples in technique and style; one less obvious, because antipodal to James in technique and style, but closer to the spirit of James in that he consistently made his central subject the awareness of human relationships, is E. M. Forster. As with James, there are always readers to whom Forster strongly and personally appeals; as with James, there has recently been a Forster revival, manifested at least in some new editions and considerable critical discussion.

The ease with which James can be parodied once or twice infected James himself. "Madame de Mauves" seems to me at least partly a self-parody. This is, no doubt, because I have never known exactly what he was driving at—what he really thought of Madame de Mauves, the American girl who for immature and old-fashioned romantic reasons married a scoundrelly French nobleman; who declined to retaliate for his promiscuity by accepting the honorable advances of the inevitable unemployed young American appreciator; whose unique renunciation aroused her husband's interest and then awakened his love; and who finally drove him to suicide. It is unprofitable to admit—for others will take it as a sign of inability to understand James—that I do not know whether James

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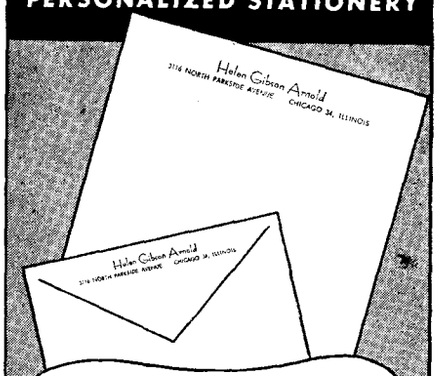

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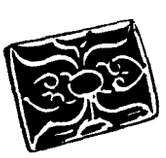

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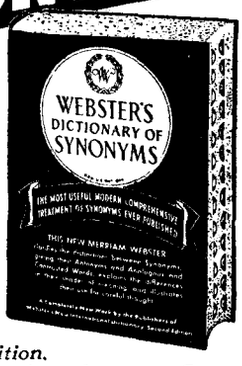

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regarded Madame de Mauves as a saint, a prig, a combination of the two, or a progress from one to the other. His preface does not illuminate the question—I do not find in this story an ambivalence pregnant with suggestion, but only ambiguity; and if James meant Madame de Mauves to be taken seriously throughout, the story is a parody of James.

Similarly, there is a novel, "The Other House," greatly admired by some Jamesians, which seems to me an unconscious self-parody, and unpleasant in the extreme. "The Other House" is a murder story with a murder of the most horrible kind. One of James's bright young women, a fiendish version of Kate Croy in "The Wings of the Dove," is required by the exigencies of a melodramatic plot to murder a child whose father she wants to marry. Up to this point, "The Other House" is a highly effective *tour de force,* and is particularly interesting as a sort of left-handed foreshadowing of "The Wings." But when the other characters at the end, including a reputable doctor and the father of the child, agree for pseudo-Jamesian reasons to let her get away with it, the Jamesian world will no longer sustain the action; the reader explosively recoils into reality, and the structure collapses. "The Other House" is a formidable example of what James's method could not accomplish. However, the Jamesian vintage seldom went sour, and it is never insipid.

Meanwhile there is still the question of James's anomalous relation to his audience; and aside from the circumstance of temperament, a subject for psychology to pursue, there is a more immediate suggestion in the comparison between "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode."

What is involved is James's method of characterization. It is not true to say that his characters are artificial or that they do not live. All of them (except perhaps the occasional Osrics) live brilliantly and completely in terms of the world James created for them. A great many of them—Daisy, Major Monarch, Colonel and Mrs. Allingham, Strether, Waymarsh, Edward Brookenham—are alive on any terms. James had the capacity to give life, but as time went on he exercised it less and less. His principal characters increasingly became his own partial surrogates or projections, with the result that they live in James's books but not beyond them. While one is reading any book of "the major phase," one is utterly satisfied by the subtlety, the roundness, the depth of the major characters—by Milly Theale and Kate Croy and Merton Densher, by Maggie Verver and her father and her Prince. But there is no doubt that when one has closed the book these people do not continue to live in the reader's imagination, as Uncle Toby and Becky Sharp do, and Squire Western and Mr. Micawber and Huckleberry Finn and Soames Forsyte and Leopold Bloom—and, indeed, some of James's own minor characters as well.

There is likewise no doubt that this is the necessary result of a conscious process. If it is a defect, it is the defect of James's quality. It comes from his bringing *everything* to consciousness, from his passion for awareness that could not be developed in the situations of his imagining without letting his characters be as aware as he is. Every motive is known, to the actor himself and to the other participants. Nothing is left in the subliminal regions of the inexplicable or the im-

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pulsive, the ridiculous or the grotesque. This does not mean that James's world or his characters are artificial—James is an artist at work on the materials of reality—but it does mean that they are beyond any other characters in fiction works of conscious art. There was no other way for James to say what he said so magnificently. However, this explains why the emotions which arise when one is reading James are not the same as those with which one recollects James in tranquillity. They come back without loss of power on rereading—for James inexhaustibly rewards rereading—but they recede again, just as the characters themselves recede into a kind of blur, in which each one contributes to an imaginative picture that has James himself for its subject.

James objected to something of Wells's with the phrase, "So much life —so little living." It would be easy to reverse the phrase and use it against James. The most fanatical Jamesian must be occasionally exasperated by some of James's characters. One does wish for more of the life that James could have continued to create, for more of the humor that could make Edward Brookenham or Colonel Allingham unforgettable in a paragraph. His people have been called overcivilized, and one is tempted to agree with their detractors when one reflects how many of them are ornaments without being producers of civilization; like the young man in "The Voice of the Turtle," they just appreciate things. Similarly, the story of James's cousin, Minny Temple, who died at twenty-four and who was the prototype of Milly Theale in "The Wings of the Dove," has a *kind* of poignancy that Milly's story, for all its beauty, does not attain.

But these opinions are the opinions of one recollecting James, not of one with a book by James open before one. Within the books, within their world, the characters never lose their vitality. What James does, in his development of "the religion of consciousness," he does with the utmost capacity of art. No one else has ever done it, and there is no other way to do it. If the life-giving quality of characterization involves presenting individuals at (or including) a lower level of consciousness than James's later characters have attained, that is an unavoidable misfortune, the cause of which lies in the nature of things and not in any incapacity of Henry James. And meanwhile there grows in the reader's consciousness that portrait of the artist himself which all James's work adumbrates. It is a dynamic portrait, which never ceases to reveal new features or to gain in significance.

George Stevens, formerly editor of The Saturday Review, *is at present editor of J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

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Professor of Social Economy, University of Sweden

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An American Dilemma, by Gunnar Myrdal, is the most comprehensive, penetrating and scholarly study of the Negro in the United States and the related problems that has yet been presented. As suggested by the sub-title, 'The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy,' the author faces squarely the conflict between 'The American Creed' of brotherhood, equality, and freedom and the actual practice of society in dealing with this important minority group. As a foreigner, the author brings a fresh and objective viewpoint to his task, but throughout the book he displays a shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the considerations and circumstances that affect the attitudes of various elements of the American public, and contribute to the creation of a genuine 'dilemma.' The study was carried out under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation, and Professor Myrdal was assisted by a staff of able experts.

"Overwhelming." "It is practically impossible in a review to give any adequate idea of the scope and impact of this overwhelming book. It is a book which nobody who tries to face the Negro problem with any honesty can afford to miss."
—FRANCIS GAITHER, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Penetrating." "Regardless of whether you are interested in the 'Negro problem', you will find this the most penetrating and important book on our contemporary American civilization that has been written."
—ROBERT S. LYND, *Saturday Review of Literature*

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Tragic Chapter of the War

WARSAW GHETTO. By Mary Berg. Edited by S. L. Shneiderman. New York: L. B. Fisher. 1945. 253 *pp.* $2.75.

NO TRAVELER RETURNS. By Henry Shoskes. Edited by Curt Riess. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

FOR a long time after this war has already passed into history, its gigantic climaxes, its human and inhuman aspects, its bright and ghastly episodes will continue to haunt and to inspire the imagination of writers. And it can be predicted with fair certainty that the story of the struggle until death of the Warsaw ghetto

will be among the themes chosen again, and again, and again. For, this story of how six hundred thousand Jews from various occupied territories —squeezed into a slum area fit to house barely one sixth of that number, and subjected there to hunger, typhus, terror, and plain murder— stubbornly tried to preserve some sort of life in human dignity, until at last they came to realize that there remained nothing but to die fighting . . . this story of a battle fought gallantly without any prospect of victory, possesses all the marks of heroic epics.

For the time being, apart from a few rather reserved and humble attempts to tell parts of the story in terms of fiction (I know of an American novel in progress, a Polish play, and the moving novelette "Die Revolte de Heilgen," by the Czechoslovak author Ernest Sommer), we have to rest satisfied with more or less eloquent testimony and other documentary raw material.

To this category belong both books that are here under consideration: Mary Berg's diary of a four-year stay in the ghetto, and the compilation of various reports, notes, and documents about the life and destruction of the Warsaw ghetto, by Henry Shoskes and Curt Riess.

At first glance, it would seem that two books of this kind cannot but get into each other's way. However, as both volumes are far from presenting a complete picture of what S. L. Shneiderman rightly calls "one of the most tragic and least known chapters of the war," the otherwise negative fact of their being fragmentary makes them supplements of each other rather than duplicates. Thus, one can, indeed one should, read both of them. Yes, one should read these two books, for they tell—whatever their shortcomings and gaps may be—essential parts of a story which must sink deep into the brain and heart of mankind so that, after the black plague of fascism has been defeated, none of its germs will remain undestroyed.

Although "No Traveler Returns" is much broader in scope and richer in detailed information than Miss Berg's diary (which, moreover, does not tell the story of the uprising itself), I still prefer her more primitive report to the more elaborate compilation of Dr.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLOOD ON THE CAT *Nancy Rutledge* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Small-town politico meets deserved death. Local newspaper editor does major part of sleuthing in many-angled affair.	Likable characters, entertaining chatter, unflagging action, and expert sleuthing—slightly marred by loose ends.	Agreeable
WINGS OF FEAR *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random House: $2.)	Monica Blaine flees New York after murder in her apartment, but death strikes again in Mexico City. F.B.I. functions swiftly.	Intrigue-espionage yarn, well-packed with excitement and emotion. Payoff on Xochimilco canal is first-class.	Good thriller
KNIGHT MISSING *Simon Stone* (Macmillan: $2.)	Rich old English reprobate, supposedly killed one place, turns up in another. Insp. Mitchell and Sir Brian Conway officiate.	Begins with rather amusing and exciting chase but then bogs down into slow but sure British-brand detective story.	For clue-chasers

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James Melton, *American tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Association.* "Each issue of Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine affords perfect relaxation whether I read it during rehearsals for a broadcast or riding on a train between concert dates."

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Shoskes and Mr. Riess. The diary notes, affected as they are by the limited experience and undeveloped personality of the youthful author (Mary Berg was sixteen years old when she was ordered to move into the ghetto, and as the daughter of an American citizen, she belonged to a very small privileged group that finally escaped destruction by the Nazis), nevertheless bear the imprint of sincerity and authenticity, and apparently are not "glamorized" by editorial treatment.

Dr. Shoskes's book, on the other hand, suffers from dramatization, personalization, and thrillerization. There are too many key hole glimpses into well-guarded offices of Nazi governors and generals. And the reader who enjoys or just tolerates the play of imagination in such scenes as that between Heinrich Himmler and Obergruppenfuehrer Batz, ends up by wondering where in other scenes fiction ends and factual truth begins.

Even so, there are many memorable passages in "No Traveler Returns," notably the report about the very last phase of the fighting, the portraits of the leaders of the rising, and the story of the arrival of the incurable insane from the Tworky asylum on the ghetto market place.

In Miss Berg's less dramatic account there are likewise scenes no reader will easily forget, for instance, the last day of the little inmates of Dr. Korczak's children's home to the cemetery where they are shot together with their schoolmaster who cheers them up to the last minute.

"At some future time," Mr. Shneiderman writes in his introduction to Mary Berg's diary, "we hope, chronicles hidden by writers in the ruins of the ghetto will be discovered. Other survivors may be found to give additional testimony." Until then, books like "Warsaw Ghetto" and, to a lesser degree, "No Traveler Returns" are fulfilling the demand of Joel, put by Mr. Shneiderman as motto before his introduction:

> Tell ye your children of it,
> And let your children tell their children,
> And their children another generation.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Beautiful Joe." 2. "The Pit." 3. "Graustark." 4. "Snowbound." 5. "Iolanthe." 6. "The Patriot." 7. "The Diverting History of John Gilpin." 8. "Ashenden." 9. "The Newcomes." 10. "The Marble Faun." 11. "Middlemarch." 12. "The Cloister and the Hearth." 13. "Consuelo." 14. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." 15. "Early Autumn." 16. "Lorna Doone." 17. "She Stoops to Conquer." 18. "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 19. "Twelfth Night." 20. "Gertrude the Governess."

MEMO TO DOUBLE-CROSTICS MISSIONARIES:

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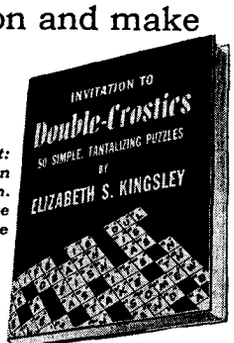

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the Phoenix Nest

I LIKE to hear from those who are in or of this war and are salvaging from it, through all its grim and bloody trials, the spirit of poetry, the remembrance of beauty. The following poem is a picture of Death which seems to me a remarkable study in the *macabre*. Agnes de Lima of the New School sends it to me. It is by Sigrid de Lima. I am sure that all the men who go down to the sea in troop ships will understand it fully.

TROOP SHIP

You see her hair, it's hairy gold
But the boys who have seen her
Don't come back to tell the tale
  Oh take me below boys
  Take me back below

When you lean against the side
And the place is hot as hell
When you think your brain is bustin'
And your tongue is like to strangle
    you
And your heart is poundin' like
A regiment of troops
  Oh take me below boys,
  Take me back below

Her skirt is cut high
And her dress is cut low
No one who's ever seen her
Has lived to tell the tale
  Oh take me below boys,
  Take me back below

When the ship is going steady
And the troops fill up the decks
Smokin', talkin', playin' cards
Writin' letters home
Sleepin' on the decks
And lookin' at the stars
  Oh take me below boys,
  Take me back below

She wears a kinda little hat
With a funny sort of veil
But the boys who get to see her
Don't come back at all
  Oh take me below boys,
  Take me back below

When you think you'll drop
When you think your back will break
When your skin drops bloody water
When your eyes don't see no more
When your ears hear nothin'
But the poundin' of the engine
  Oh take me below boys,
  Take me back below

Her eyes are pretty like the stars
And her lips are softer than the waves
But anyone who's seen her
Just don't turn up no more

When your feet can't hardly hold you
When your heart's gone in your stomach
When the ship don't go so steady
When you can't find out the signals
When the guy's knocked out behind
    you
You see her standin' on the stair
Her leg is pretty and the ankle bone
Swells smooth
You can see her knee now
Then you see the shadow of her skirt
And her breasts are round and firm
You can see beneath her dress
Her skin is smooth as silk
Where it goes into her neck line

Pretty soon you'll see her throat
You see her chin, it's round and soft
You see her lips, they're red and full
You see her eyes, they're sure like stars
You see her hair, it's hairy gold
You see her hat, little, with a funny
    sort of veil

She takes you in her arms
She smells kinda nice
It doesn't matter if the room is hot
    as hell
Nor if your brain is bustin'
Or you think you're like to strangle
You'll never know what hit you
You'll never hear the signals
You'll never hear the thunder
You'll never smell the fire
You'll never feel the burnin'
You'll never feel the sinkin'
  Oh take me below boys,
  Oh take me back below.

SIGRID DE LIMA.

Sgt. S. H. Abramson, of the Psychological Warfare Branch (Information, News and Censorship Section), Somewhere in Italy, sends me the following interesting information on matters pertaining to the late John Keats:

Upon my return from a visit to Rome several weeks ago, I came upon your note on the "Keats Memorial House" in the issue of December 9. It might interest you to know that the "Keats Shelley Memorial" is once again open to the public. I visited it during my stay in Rome, upon payment of a fee of twenty lire (twenty cents), and saw the relics which had been saved from destruction at Monte Cassino and the fine library. I noticed several British officers and soldiers there at the time, but no Americans.

Although known as the Keats Shelley Memorial, the house itself has no connection with Shelley, aside from the fact that Shelley relics and books are kept there. The young lady who showed me around informed me that there was no guide or literature available at the moment, but that she was preparing a guide to all the places in Italy connected with Keats and Shelley. She very kindly presented me with a copy of the original appeal for funds for the establishment of the memorial, issued in 1906.

The movement was started in 1903 by a group of eight American writers then living in Rome, Agnes Repplier, Martha Gilbert Dickinson, James Herbert Morse, Norman Hapgood, Harry Nelson Gay, Robert Underwood Johnson, Edith Wharton and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. Later the American committee was enlarged, and among the names I note those of William Dean Howells, John Hay, S. Weir Mitchell, Henry Van Dyke, Booth Tarkington, William Morton Payne, and Harriet Monroe. The new members, of course, were not residents of Rome.

The committee was Anglo-American in composition, and, after some difficulties, managed to acquire the old house and establish the Memorial.

Some months earlier I had visited the old Protestant Cemetery to see the graves of Keats and Shelley, and their friends Severn and Trelawny. A constant stream of British and American servicemen, on leave in Rome, pay their respects to the memory of the poets. As a friend and I approached the gate, a little Italian girl of about ten or twelve asked whether we wished to see the graves of Keats and Shelley. She seemed to be kept quite busy acting as guide, and did very nicely too.

It is interesting to recall that at the first meeting of the committee held on February 23rd, 1903, Sir Rennell Rodd, then chargé d'affaires of the British Embassy, told of attempts which had been made by the Roman municipality to move the remains of Keats and Severn, in order to open up a new road. These attempts had been frustrated by the Embassy, once, however, only through the intervention of Queen Victoria. Later, the road had been found to be unnecessary and the poet and his friend were allowed to rest in peace.

Proposals had also been made to build a large modern hotel adjacent to the Keats house, and to remove the famous boat-shaped Bernini fountain from the Piazza di Spagna, "the waters of which had made music under Keats' window during his last days." The committee was also perturbed by the fact that in Rome,

Storm over Ortega

■ The battle of Ortega is on. We promised you an academic free-for-all to follow the publication of this Spanish firebrand's challenging appraisal of the ends and means of education. Here are the first reports from the front:

"Ortega is impossible. The book reveals his very few ideas in all their shivering nakedness."—Eric Russell Bentley *in the* SRL.

But the Book-of-the-Month Club News says he's "great." The Philadelphia Inquirer says "brilliant." And from the New York Herald Tribune: "Ortega's volume belongs in our libraries with such works as Newman's *Idea of a University* and Emerson's *"American Scholar."*

It seems that everyone has an opinion on

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Translated, with an Introduction, by Howard Lee Nostrand

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"the goal of all cultivated travelers and readers," it was impossible to buy a complete edition of the poems or letters of Keats. I presume the committee had an English edition in mind. It proposed to rectify this sad state of affairs, as, in the words of the appeal, "The scheme will provide a place and facilities for a comprehensive study of both poets."

I cannot say whether a complete edition of Keats is available in Rome today. At any rate, to admirers of the poet, a visit to the Memorial is undoubtedly a thrilling experience, and the surviving members of the original committee may well take pride in their achievement.

Then there's Lieut. E. S. Woodhead, with an Air Depot Group at Miami, Florida:

Much more recently than the forty-five years ago nostalgically recalled by you and Mrs. Sheldon Potter of "Little Wise," the A. P. W. paper company packed toilet paper or some such homely commodity in a box designed by Tony Sarg to serve as a toy theatre. It was ingeniously arranged so as to provide a stage and its housing, a sufficiently ornate proscenium, and a ceiling so slotted that a curtain and several scenic drops, also of cardboard, could be inserted. The original equipment included a cast of cardboard characters, two scenes, and a script for "Little Red Riding Hood." Many other characters, drops, and plays were provided by the youthful proprietors. One innovation of which we were proud was to provide a duplicate set of characters for each play in order that they might enter from either the right or the left. Being printed on the cardboard, the original *dramatis personae* either had to confine their entrances to one side or back in, which considerably restricted their versatility. I am distressed to learn that nothing of the sort is on the market today, especially with the revived interest in the stage begun by the lamented Federal Theatre and continued by the many excellent road shows throughout the country and now extended by U. S. O. to include the Armed Forces.

S. H. Sargent also rang a very familiar bell with his remarks on the old *St. Nicholas*. I will never forget that hallowed crew "Phaeton Rogers." "Teddy & Carrots," and the merry crew from Lakerim: Tug, Curly, Eddy, Reddy, and the rest. The serialized "Tom Sawyer Abroad," the classical "Sarah Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's," and so on. I always thought Charles Edward Carryl's "The Admiral's Caravan" one of the finest children's fantasies ever, and wonder that it is not still in print with Reginald Birch's delightful sketches. Too bad there is no Mary Mapes Dodge for this generation for the benefit of children to whom Dick Tracy and Superman are not entirely satisfying. Indeed, why would these bound volumes not be worth reprinting?

I think the service men like the good life of ideas and artistic expression for which the *SRL* stands. I hope it does them good. I know it's good to hear from them!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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PERSONALS

GENTLEMEN WHO BEAT WIVES are advised to read "Chivalry and Sex" in the March AMERICAN MERCURY, where they will discover disturbing facts that science has unearthed about them. Other features: Sheldon Glueck outlines trial and punishment for Nazi War Criminals; Fred Rodell gives a devastating profile of Walter Lippmann, the Great Elucidator; Francis Hackett surveys the literary critics in general, and in particular asks, "Why do they jump on Van Wyck Brooks?" Many other stimulating articles. On sale at newsstands, or send $3.00 for one year to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, Room 2010S, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22.

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(Continued on next page)

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(*Continued from page 37*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

CONTINUING last week's discussion of cheating, to Mrs. A. F. Downing's "small circle of DC enthusiasts," Cambridge, Mass., "cheating is using reference books *before* the crostic is solved—and for this reason: A single word in the Thesaurus, the Dictionary, or Prudens Concordance might very well furnish the key to the entire puzzle. By cheating we mean only cheating ourselves of the satisfaction of getting the answer out of our own heads. . . . After the solution we look up the strange looking words to verify their existence and add them to our stock of words." That, to my mind, is a clearcut, heroic attitude.

A *u* needed placement at the finish of my DC. In my mind's eye I seemed to see a *Bethuel* from *Bethel* already used. A Bible concordance seemed the most likely depository of it. Sure enough, there it was, "Bethuel, son of Nahor, nephew of Abraham, father of Rebecca and Laban." I recount this incident to show you that the use of this word was not a matter of Bible erudition, but accidental discovery, part of the mechanism of making a DC, but that the erudition is yours in knowing enough to place the word.

Such a charming little colored snapshot of Mrs. Louis H. Legg, Seattle, in front of a glowing grate fire with a copy of the *SRL* opened to the DC, has come in a letter just as entertaining. The snapshot was not posed, Mrs. Legg adds, but taken by a son-in-law while she was camping with a daughter last spring—one of her seven grownup children; for she always takes a DC with her on such outings as a "refreshment and a challenge."

Mrs. Thomas G. R. Smith, Cleveland, finding the "Invitation to Double-Crostics" too easy, worked out a new system of solving them; but it worked dishearteningly, she says, when she applied it to the *SRL* puzzles. "So," she concludes, "instead of getting myself all twisted, as I do sometimes, working without references—wrong guesses are annoying out of proportion to the pride of independence—I shall use Webster to check my guesses before I proceed with the puzzle. It makes the puzzling smoother and eliminates the chagrin of wild-goose chases."

Mrs. A. E. MacBride, Baltimore, in no soft words, declares against unkeyed words. Well, the dye is cast and soon you'll see how "dreadful" such a change is. I fear, however, that I didn't select the right word, for when I myself worked out the DC, the unkeyed letters were invariably in such words as *and, the,* and the like. Next time I'll do better!

Among others heard from recently are: Bessie B. Baker, Wayland, Mich., whose ambition after years of teaching is to retire to chess and DCs; Mrs. W. R. Edwards, Chula Vista, Calif., who especially enjoyed the cartoons.

MARCH 3, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 571

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Commercial city in Prussia.

B. Duke of Norfolk ("Richard II")

C. Want of rhythm; irregularity.

D. English Shakespearean actor (1635-1710).

E. Demon who causes nightmare (Gr. Myth.)

F. Disjunctive correlative, coördinate conjunctions (2 wds.)

G. Flemish painters, father and son (1582-1690).

H. Hebrew name of the Biblical Esther.

I. First governor of Mass. Bay Colony (Old sp.)

J. Son of Jacob and Zilpah (Bib.)

K. Scottish poet, editor, antiquary (1797-1835).

L. American dancer, painter, and author of recent autobiography (1907-).

M. Little curling waves of water.

N. Outcast youth who signs up for the "Pequod" ("Moby Dick").

O. English statesman, "Apostle of Free Trade" (1804-1865).

P. Expressing a favorable opinion of.

Q. American poet of Nebraska (1881-).

R. To gaze out of something, as a window (2 wds.)

S. Norse mariner who discovered Vineland (about 1000; old sp.)

T. Brother to Orlando ("As You Like It").

U. Supplies with physical or moral force.

V. Yields; gives forth.

W. A race to establish the winner after a dead heat in rowing (Comp.)

X. What Catherine of Aragon as Arthur's widow was styled (preceded by "Princess").

Y. Thinks, supposes (chiefly humorous).

WORDS

33 171 84 65 6 124 129

18 37 41 167 107 55 70

95 155 54 52 62 112 29 74 131

24 145 127 122 83 10 136 58 56

114 8 165 1 80 46 76 30 17

137 143 181 116 75 156 152 92

12 166 51 16 53 87 23

42 88 144 117 97 21 61 182

85 135 185 50 158 168 147 128

133 109 90 68 140

148 176 11 113 159 72 48 91 81 101

7 111 82 22 59 142

151 106 132 175 119 98 47 170

78 15 39 60 102 162 177

115 19 125 99 141 180

9 94 89 5 63 79 134 146 105

2 43 110 49 4 118 138 164

108 179 40 27 66 34 184 28 13

32 130 14 73 93 120 67

26 3 183 161 104 35

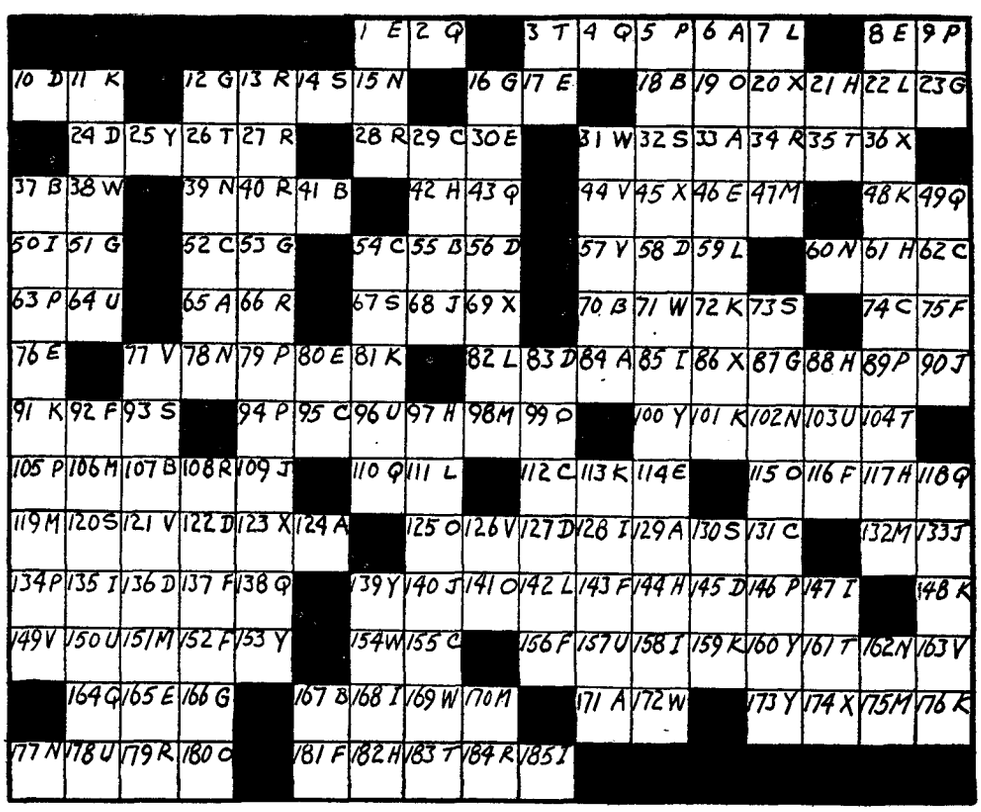
150 178 64 103 157 96

126 44 57 149 77 163 121

31 71 169 154 172 38

36 123 69 174 86 45 20

25 139 160 173 153 100



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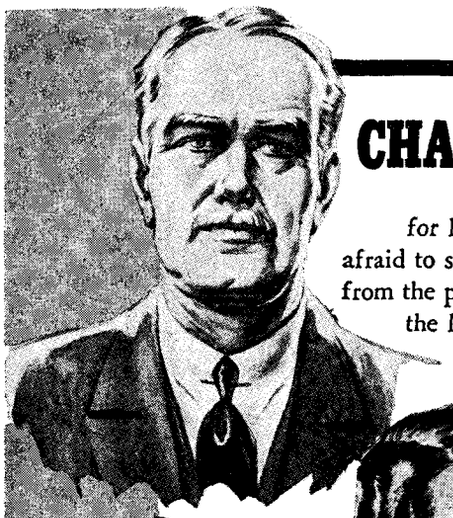

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